

MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING]

[MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1884.

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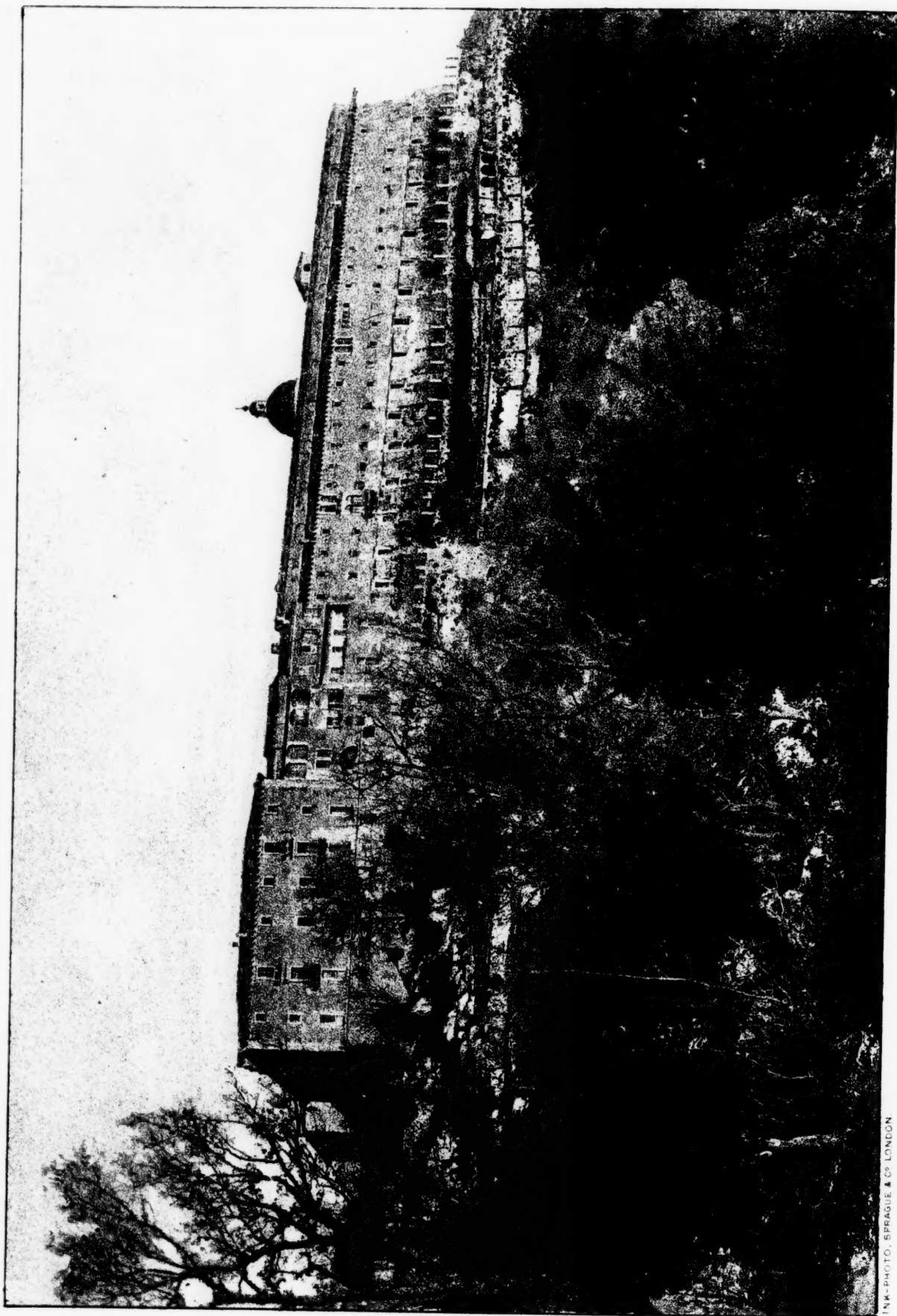
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MONTE CASSINO.

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MERRY ENGLAND

AUGUST, 1884.

A Visit to Monte Cassino.

IN my early years I was taken to see an exhibition at the Royal Academy, and I well remember what a shock was then given to my youthful Protestantism by the sight of a picture by an R.A., representing a lot of monks at work in a harvest field. I looked at it for some time unmoved, and it was not until I read in the catalogue that the field was an English field, and that the monks were Englishmen, subjects of Queen Victoria, that the "No Popery" fire was kindled within me. I had just been reading in my history that King Henry VIII. had abolished the monasteries of England, and after the manner of English children I had in consequence condoned his domestic weaknesses ; and lo ! here before my eyes was a pictured record that the bluff king had lived and worked in vain. At least it seemed so to me, or the painter would not have been able to find a dozen or so of brawny monks, all in gowns and sandals, working away with the scythe and rake as if they had been so many Norfolk or Yorkshire labourers.

The motto of the picture was "*Laborare est Orare.*" I had gone far enough in Latin to comprehend the meaning of the words, but I knew nothing then of the stern significance which

they had in the mouth of the man who thirteen hundred years and more ago made them the rule of his own monastic house, a rule which soon overspread the whole of Christendom, and which was still the guide of life to these very monks whose effigies gave me such grave offence. It was about five and twenty years after I had been made aware of the existence of the Benedictine monk in England that I set out on the morning of Palm Sunday from the village of San Germano to visit the great monastery of Monte Cassino, the place where St. Benedict lived and laboured and died, from whence came forth the famous Rule of the Order which worked so powerfully to give to Western Monasticism its present form.

Immediately behind the town of San Germano there rises from the plain the scarped face of a mountain-spur in the shape of a swelling cone. Perched on its extreme summit stands the great monastery, which is only to be reached by a zigzag path. The path winds at first through the squalid lanes of San Germano, and then ascends backwards and forwards across the arid breast of the hill. Formerly it was shaded by stately ilex trees all along its course; but these have now disappeared, leaving scarcely a dozen yards of shade along the whole ascent. On Palm Sunday morning the sun beat down heavily upon us as we toiled along. Our upward progress was slow enough to allow troops of peasants who were going up to High Mass in the church to overtake us. Though the men of Italy no longer wear anything distinctive in the way of national costume, the holiday attire of the women will still strike the Northern eye as a sort of foretaste of the gorgeous East. They looked very picturesque, these peasant women, as they sprang along up the steep slippery path, with garments dyed with the most brilliant hues in the most daring contrast. The brown skin and the black eyes showed darker than ever under the heavy folds of the white linen head-cloth. Men and women alike carried, for want of a palm, a spray of olive.

About an hour's climb brought us to the summit. We followed the worshippers into the great church ; the Mass was almost finished, and round the confessional boxes the penitents were waiting, *en queue*, their turn to confess. Many of the women, fearing the cold air of the church after their sweltering clamber up the hill, were wrapped from head to foot in their coarsely woven scarves striped with gaudy colours. They knelt or sprawled about the floor ; some of them beguiling the delay by eating the lump of bread they had brought with them for their midday meal ; others, who had finished their devotions, sat sleeping on the steps of the side chapels ; and others—these perhaps were the majority—stood about with an air of unconcern. The Italian peasant goes to his church as naturally as he goes to his work or to his dinner. He puts on no special Sunday face. He knows nothing of the flaming sword of respectability which has until recently guarded so jealously the portals of our national temples in England, and has not even now lost its terrors for the British workman.

The fine organ played its last bars of florid music. The peasants flocked out of church, each one halting to take a draught of water from a well in the outer court. The students—young boys, most of them, got up with a clatter betokening relief, which showed that schoolboys were the same all the world over—followed, and we were left to inspect the gorgeous decorations of the church. In the choir is a handsome monument to the memory of Piero di Medici, the brainless son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was drowned in the Garigliano—the river flowing through the plain below—after the defeat of the French by Gonsalvo de Cordova in 1503 ; and over the altars in the side chapels are some second-class pictures by little known artists, painters lost in the obscurity which involves all beyond times comparatively modern. In wealth of inlaid marble the church surpasses St. Peter's, and almost rivals that of the Certosa at Pavia. On wall and pillar, on arch and altar rail,

is a crust of the rarest marbles, relieved here and there by stars and ovals of lapis lazuli and of mother-of-pearl. The effect is not altogether pleasing, for the eye, missing a quiet spot whereon to rest, loses itself amidst the confused and inharmonious jumble of colour; and in issuing from the church welcomes the sober tones and graceful lines of the lonely cloistered court which Bramante has built for the statues of the benefactors of the Order. Passing through this, we descend a broad flight of steps on which a pair of splendid ravens were hopping about, successors and representatives of the famous birds which guided Benedict from Subiaco to the rock of Cassino fourteen centuries ago.

For the modern traveller the library and the matchless collection of manuscripts are probably the chief attractions of Monte Cassino. The library, in spite of the ravages from without and periods of unconcern within, is still one of the finest in Italy, and there is a celebrated passage in a letter of Boccaccio's in which he describes his visit to it. Perhaps it was natural that the author of the Decameron should have been received with not very wide-open arms. The monks would hardly tell him the way there, and when he at last climbed up the ruinous staircase his heart was almost broken—as hearts of romancers are so often apt to be—at the sight of precious volumes from which sheets had been torn. M. Renan, if he might choose a transmigration for his soul, tells us he would wish above all things to be the breviary in the hands of the elegantly gloved Parisian woman; but Boccaccio laments over the wide margins cut away to make psalters and breviaries for boys and women. The manuscripts were more jealously preserved. Of these there are still over forty thousand at Monte Cassino; and amongst them one may find letters from the Lombard kings of Pavia, from Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Countess Matilda, and Frederick the Second. There is a complete collection of the Bulls relating to

Monte Cassino ; and, more curious than all, the copy of a letter written by the astute Mahomet II. to Pope Nicholas V., remonstrating with the head of Christendom for his warlike preparations, and promising to present himself at Rome to be converted at the earliest opportunity.

The teaching work carried on by the monks is a very memorable one. The sight of an ecclesiastic—if he be a Roman one—acting as a teacher of youth arouses the spirit of Protestantism in the average Englishman ; but if you press him for the reasons of his wrath, he will find it difficult to give any. How many of the great English schools are under the direction of laymen ? and how many pedagogues have paid their forty pounds for the meritless and meaningless D.D. degree, because they find the layman likes to send his boys to be taught by a learned divine ? We must not forget that there are no great public schools in Italy. Monte Cassino, and a few places like it, are all the Italians have to set against our imposing list, with Eton at the head ; and I am not sure that a touch of the asceticism we saw at Monte Cassino would be out of place in the great school of the saintly Henry. The dormitories looked rather cold, and the fare set out on the refectory table somewhat frugal ; but the healthy look of the boys, and the noise they made as they rushed about the vaulted passages, showed they were none the worse for a slightly ascetic regimen.

The sight-seeing comes to an end in the cell, or rather cells, of St. Benedict, where, according to the story of the pious and courteous cicerone, the saint lived and worked and prayed. Of course there are archæologists to maintain that so large a portion of the original building can hardly have survived the incursions of the infidel Saracens and the Arian Lombards, and sceptics to affirm that no part of the present structure dates from a period anterior to the eleventh century ; an enlightened stranger, indeed, might say they were built last year, so trim

and sharp and spick and span is everything about them. The walls are covered with frescoes, which are very good frescoes indeed, only they are new and in perfect preservation. They represent, with much life and dramatic power, the most striking episodes of St. Benedict's career. He flees from the wickedness of Rome to his cave in the wild mountains of Subiaco. He founds his twelve monastic houses in the valleys round about ; and then, after a labour of five and thirty years, he retreats from Subiaco, despairing of his work. He arrives, guided now by the ravens, now by angels, at Monte Cassino, where in 528 A.D., three centuries after Constantine, he finds a temple and a grove of Apollo, and the rude peasantry still wedded to the worship of the Sun God. Fired by a holy zeal for the Christian faith, he destroys the temple and cuts down the grove, while the enemy of mankind clings in consternation to the falling trunks and shattered columns. Lastly, he founds the new monastery, clears the land for the cultivation of useful fruits, and teaches the half-savage people the arts which can supply their needs and lighten the burden of their lives.

Benedict was born at Nursia, a town near Spoleto, in 480 A.D. His parents were wealthy people, and at the age of twelve he was sent to a school in Rome, where he remained only a very short time. We next hear of him a boy hermit, living in a cave at Subiaco, a remote village of the Roman Campagna, whither he is reported to have fled, disgusted by the profligacy of those about him. From this period his life, according to his biographers, was a series of marvels. Now he mends by prayer a stone vessel which his old nurse had broken ; now by the same agency he makes water flow from the solid rock, and moves a great stone which had defied all the efforts of the builders. Any one who goes to Florence will be able to see from the pictured record of the saint's life, painted by Spinello Aretino, in the noble church of San Miniato, that in his many conflicts with the Evil One he was ever the victor. By his

zealous and eloquent preaching he reclaimed the wild shepherds of Subiaco from their savage and almost pagan habits; and his religious fame waxed so great that the monks of Vicovara, a monastery near, let him have no rest till he consented to become their chief; and then, finding that their new head was disposed to show little mercy to their own weaknesses, tried to poison him in the sacred chalice, a snare he miraculously escaped. Then journeying south till he came to the borders of the Terra di Lavoro—the Land of Labour—upon the rock of Casinium Benedict laid the foundations of his house. To rear a peaceful dwelling on this wild rock, amidst a savage and heathen peasantry, was no light toil; but in the midst of it all Benedict found time to devise and compile his famous and reforming “Rules of Monastic Life.”

It is a common supposition among outsiders that monks are, and always were, the most “clerical of clericals;” that they of all men were the most entirely cut off from civil society and its interests. In reality, the great bulk of the early monks were simply laymen who had formed a corporation for the promotion of some particular purpose, but they were altogether apart from the ecclesiastical society of the clergy. In the beginning of the fourth century St. Basil found it necessary to bring these unorganized communities under some sort of rule. He only partially succeeded; but St. Benedict made St. Basil’s efforts the stepping-stones to his own work of reform. The ecclesiastical patronage accorded to the monasteries was often merely nominal, but Benedict set about to make it a reality. It was a task to try the strength of the strongest, and Benedict was probably the only man then living who was equal to it. The Rule of the Order of St. Benedict is divided into seventy-three chapters and numberless sections and sub-sections. It deals with discipline, faults, penalties, offices, and internal government. If we want to find the source of the subsequent greatness of the Benedictine Order, we need simply go to the

words which St. Benedict made the main points of his precepts as to the moral and general duties of the monks. These words are : "self-denial," "obedience," and "labour." He writes : "Laziness is the enemy of the soul, and accordingly the Brothers should at certain times occupy themselves in manual labour, at others in holy reading." Labour in the field, labour in the workshop—this was one of his safety-valves for superfluous energy ; hence, as M. Guizot tells us, the Benedictine monks became the first agriculturists of Europe. While one brother was preaching, another would be clearing the forest, and another very likely standing sentinel, for in the wild and remote districts of Brittany and Germany the pagan inhabitants were long bitterly hostile, and many of the monks who went out to plough and to sow had for their reward the martyr's crown instead of the fruits of the harvest.

Nor need we cross the seas to find traces of the early care of the toiling Benedictines. In Wessex and Mercia they are plentiful enough. How often are they to be found in those fair domains where the river, graced with hanging woods, the fish-ponds, stocked to this day with carp and tench, and the parks, levelled and planted, form a lovely setting to the not very lovely modern mansion erected somewhere near the ruins of the abbey. In the ages of faith the place must have been an ideal seat of monastic seclusion. The deep woods, closing round on every side, threw over the scene an air of solemn gloom. The stream gliding through the midst afforded to the recluse a striking emblem of human life, and while it soothed his mind by gentle murmuring, led it to serious thought by its continual and irrevocable lesson. For the monks, though they laboured hard to make their dwellings beautiful, were not mere sentimentalists who dreamt away the days in rapturous admiration of fountain or grove. There were amongst them, no doubt, poetic spirits ; but they as a rule had to still their longing in hard work in the fields, in measuring the size of a joint or a

mortice, rather than in counting the feet of a verse. They could do a husbandman's work in all its branches, and do it well. They made their roads, built their bridges, and banked their rivers, and were, in this merely physical aspect of their lives, as truly the pioneers of civilization as are the Canadian backwoodsmen of our own time.

Such are some of the thoughts which come to the mind of even the Protestant visitor to Monte Cassino. No fairer view is there in Italy than that which meets his eye as he descends from that memorable place. We lingered so long on the road as to exhaust the patience of our donkey-driver, so we sent him forward on the back of the luckless beast he had been prodding and beating all day with the devilish delight a Neapolitan feels in inflicting pain. But all the charms of the landscape could not blot out the picture which the genius of the place had conjured up, and I confess I felt a glow of pride when the gentle old German monk, who acted as my guide, told me that the protest of the English Government had been very powerful to save the ancient home of piety and learning from the storm of confiscation by which almost all the other religious houses of Italy have been overwhelmed.

W. G. WATERS.

Gossip.

“**N**OBLEST things find vilest using.” And certainly it is a rigorous destiny that Gossipred should have come to signify one of the worst of social vices. There is something venerable in the pious confabulation of godfathers and godmothers over caudle-cups and postle-spoons : but there is something murderous in the conspiracy of Gossips. It may be that the christening of an infant may have usually let loose a flood of small talk, and volumes of charitable hopes that the son may be better than his father, and the daughter less intolerable than her mother. This mixture of detraction and prophecy is the original sin of gossiping : and it has descended with rapid propagation to all races and languages among Christian men.

There are many varieties in the Gossip kingdom. First, there is the Harmless Gossip, who, being good-hearted but empty-headed, talks incessantly in a kindly, bird-witted, scatter-brained way of all sorts and conditions of men. Such a one cannot talk of subjects scientific, literary, or historical, for he knows nothing about them ; nor of things generally, for he is habitually unobservant ; but his whole talk is of persons. What such a one has done, is doing, is about to do, would do, or will do : and what such another has said, or is saying, and so on, through all the moods and tenses : how Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as a supralapsarian, but has gone over to the social democracy : and how no Duchess of Sutherland would ever have in her wardrobe less than 144 pocket-handkerchiefs, every one of which cost twenty-five guineas : how Sir Wilfrid Lawson in early life tried to be a Dominican, but was sent away because of his hard drinking and contagious

melancholy. Such gossips are, however, as free from guile or malice as they are from common sense or discernment of what in men or things is credible, probable, or possible. Nothing comes amiss to them. Gossip they must, by a second nature. If they have anything to say, they will say it : if nothing, it is all one ; they buzz on amiably, *sicut chimæra bombitans in vacuo* ; amiable, buzzing creatures, the bluebottles of social life.

There is next the Unconscious Gossip, who repeats all he hears to all he meets, with no greater perception of the fitness of time, place, or person, than he has of colours in the dark. What somebody told him he tells to everybody ; mostly to the person who ought last to hear it, and whom it most concerns. The unconscious gossip is an adult *enfant terrible*—a sort of *pétroleur* or *pétroleuse* on a large scale, sprinkling society with petroleum, believing it to be as harmless as salad-oil. Such innocents have not even the vice of curiosity. They have not sufficient perception of either the eternal or the transient relations of things to excite curiosity, or to make them conscious of the social explosions, earthquakes, conflagrations they are daily causing. The law against arson ought to be extended to such unconscious incendiaries. Their only plea at bar is : “ Who could have ever thought that the man I met in the train was accused of the crime or afflicted with the unhappiness of which I told him ? I did not even know who he was.”

To these must be added the Professional Gossip. This is a kind known to the Clubs. He knows everybody ; is particularly intimate with the people you are talking of ; he saw them yesterday ; or is going to dine with them, to meet the Russian Ambassador, to-morrow. He puts no handle to any man's name : they are his familiars and clients, patients, and penitents, Lords, Commons, and Lions. They all consult him ; tell him everything, do nothing without him. He was called last night after twelve o'clock by telegram to Hawarden

Castle or to Alnwick, but was not able to go, being sent for from Buckingham Palace. He knows the outline of the Land Bill ; and how many Peers will be made to carry it ; and who are to be made Peers. Such gossips have one fatality. Their prophecies never come to pass ; and of their secrets, what is true is not new, and what is new is not true. Each day wipes them out ; but they are like tales of fiction, a pleasant excitement for the moment. Such gossips are not malicious. They are too well pleased with themselves to bear ill-will. A quarrel, or even a duel now and then, they may create without meaning it ; but they make it up by sacrificing themselves, which costs them nothing, and they begin again the old trade with new capital.

But Gossipdom has inner *bolge* or circles less innocuous. As we enter further, we encountered next the Malignant Gossip. Of this kind there are two sorts—men who murder the reputations of others, and women who throw vitriol over it. They have an ear always wide open to catch all evil that is said, truly or falsely, in the world. Their ears are spread in the dark, like the nets of bat-folders : nothing escapes them. It is enough to be ten minutes in a room with them, to see the rent in every man's coat, or the wrinkle in every woman's temper. As a sponge sucks in water, so these malignant gossips draw in, by affinity, all malignant histories. They have, too, a laboratory in the brain, and a chemical acid by which all that is malignant is at once detected, and drawn out for use in a concentrated form. Such men are man-slayers : for to a good man and an honourable man a fair name is dearer than life. And such women are domestic *vitrioleuses*, more guilty than the male malignities, as the nature and dignity of woman is mercy, tenderness, and compassion. The distortion of their nature is therefore more intense.

There remains one more kind—the Mendacious Gossip. We put him last, not because he is necessarily worst, but because

he makes more havoc, and provides, both willingly and unwittingly, weapons and vitriol for the use of the malignants. For such gossips by no means are always conscious or intentional liars. They have gasping ears, and itching tongues, and wandering wits. They are never sure of what they hear, and never accurate in what they repeat. They magnify, and multiply, and put carts before horses, and all things upside down, first in their own minds and next in their histories. They would not misrepresent if they knew it, nor do mischief if they were aware of it ; but all their life long they do mischiefs of lesser or greater magnitudes. They are not false, for they have no intention to be untruthful ; but they are not true, for a great part of what they say is false. With all their good intentions they are dangerous as companions, and still more dangerous as friends. But there is another kind of mendacious gossip, who knows that he is inventing, inverting, exaggerating, supplementing with theories and explanations of his own, the words and actions of other men. The Italians call such a man *uomo finto*. He is a living fiction ; and all he touches turns to fiction, as all that Midas touched turned to gold. He is reckless of the name, and fame, and feelings, and dignity of other men, having none of his own : and he is hardly conscious of the pain he inflicts, though he would still inflict it even if he could feel it himself : for in him the malignant and mendacious gossip meet in one brain—and a miserable brain it is. *Quisque suos patimur manes*. Self is our worst scourge.

H. E., CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

Love's Firmament.

I.

LOVE leads my feet to all delights
Within the Promised Land ;
Love blesses all my days and nights
With you, sweet wife, at hand.

II.

Yet I to Pisgah sometimes mount,
And with Belinda stand,
Whence we but watch the living fount
Upon the mystic strand.

III.

And you, sweet wife, are nothing loth
That she and I should tread
That happy mountain-top, where both
Feel God is overhead.

IV.

For once I said—with sudden fear
You might not comprehend :
“Though she is dear, for you most dear,
Let me forego my friend !”

V.

Then you, sweet wife : “ Indeed I think
Belinda's friendship free
Is but another blessed link
That binds my Love to me.”

VI.

And lo ! we learned, that very night,
Bright registered above
In skies with myriad glories dight,
A parable of love.

VII.

We read it where we saw the Moon
Permit the stars to shine
Upon her lover, Night ; and soon
'Twas told in words of mine.

VIII.

" My Moon art thou, O gentle Wife ;
But lo ! the Pleiades
Are bright above. And in my life
Belinda is as these."

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.

Architecture in the Victorian Age.*

THE question I am requested to submit to your consideration is one that has a certain particular and practical importance just now—What is the line upon which the profession of architects is moving in England? In other words, what is likely to be the position of English architects, say, thirty years hence? I am expected to confine your attention to the artistic aspect of the question, but to regard it in a practical light.

Now, we pretty well understand in these scientific days that all continuous enterprises of human industry or skill, or of social or intellectual activity, when looked at in any degree under the surface of affairs, are found to be subject to the government of certain laws of progression; so that it is the critical study of the past that becomes the only means of forecasting the future. In the arts more particularly is the fact forced upon the notice of thoughtful observers that there has been a continuous current of development gliding through all the ages in one grand inevitable course; now in the sunshine, now in the shade; here swift and strong, there feeble and sluggish; but always the same; the same springs, the same issue; great men and great successes—and great failures with them—being but the greater bubbles on the surface of events, and even the humblest of workers adding every one his indispensable contribution to the tide.

Amongst the arts of which I venture to speak in this high tone, I may at once say that I regard Architecture as one of the

* A Paper read by Professor Kerr at the Royal Institute of British Architects, of which one portion only can be printed this month. In our next number the Professor will deal with the Architecture of the Future.

very greatest—perhaps, indeed, beyond dispute, the most subtle and most glorious of all. It is nothing to me, standing before an assembly like this, if I should be told to moderate my language, and to ask you to veil your faces before the painter or the poet. I do nothing of the kind. I ask you, rather, to look back along an expanse of magnificent building, whose length is not to be measured by furlongs and feet, or its area by acres, but its unbroken continuity by the very ages of history, throughout at least five thousand years of time, and in whose earliest and crudest works, such is the inherent majesty of the art, Queen of the Arts, the noblest of mankind aimed at never less than the noblest homage to the noblest conceptions of the Divine.

Along this splendid line of artistic manifestation we see exemplified, more clearly than in almost anything else that philosophy can quote, the operation of the process now known by the name of evolution. The simplicity of it is indeed perfect. Given the desire to build in beauty—nothing more—and the whole scheme of architectural history throughout the past is understood; and the persistent sequence of the self-same scheme throughout the future too. Out of the desire there comes at once a continual endeavour after novelty, the diversity which supplies the material for selection. That which is worthy is reproduced; that which is not is not; and hence arise schools and styles, in the most direct and palpable form, by the survival of the fittest. Thus it is that the study, the very studentship, of this art becomes so essentially bound up in the past; for no training worthy of the name can stop short of a review of the whole historical scheme of development. And thus it is again that the progress of change in this art appears to be so slow, the limits of even the most eager originality so narrow, and the disappointment of the too ambitious so complete.

Therefore, if we would try to understand our own position just now as representatives for the moment of this great art in

England, and to foresee the attitude of our order in the next generation, the easiest mode of procedure—perhaps the only one—is to begin a generation back, and so work forward to the present day, in the hope that our research may acquire momentum enough to carry us still forward a little way into the future.

About fifty years ago, then, there happened certain occurrences which make the period a great landmark in English architectural history. In 1834 there was founded our professional guild, now so well known as the Institute of British Architects. In 1834 also the old Houses of Parliament at Westminster were burnt down. The foundation of the Institute, and its incorporation by royal charter shortly after, indicated the arrival of the profession of architects in England at a significant stage of development and of organization. The destruction of the important edifice which had accommodated the business of the Legislature, afforded an opportunity to that profession to enter upon a new career. The accession of the young Queen Victoria in 1837, involving the inauguration of a new national spirit, may be regarded as one more, and perhaps the chief, in this group of events; and if we further include the advent, within a short time afterwards, of Her Majesty's most admirable Consort, as an ally to the great cause of culture—and more especially as regards our present purpose, with reference to the splendid new Palace of Parliament, by that time waiting for just such help as his—we see, clustered within the compass of half a dozen years, a concurrence of circumstances by which there is constituted with remarkable precision just such a point of departure as we desire.

Let me remind you of the somewhat analogous combination of events under which English architecture started on a new line of development in the latter half of the seventeenth century:—the overthrow of the gloomy Puritan ascendancy, the establishment of a new and brilliant royalty, then the disaster

of a great fire—we will call it the burning of the Cathedral of London—and the rise of a great architect. So also at the time now before us we have, in the death of William the Fourth and the accession of the youthful Victoria, the old worn-out Georgian Philistinism going down at last, rude and dogged as ever, and another social system arising, entirely new and bright, the hope of the world ; and therewith another great fire, and the rise of another great architect. I am accustomed to speak of Wren and Barry as the two great architects of modern England, in whose especial eminence there is as yet no third great architect quite entitled to claim a share. With both of them alike, everything their hand touched seemed to turn to a certain personal graciousness of form not easily described or accounted for ; neither of them, perhaps, attaining to the ideal which we are beginning to conceive of the perfect master of our wonderful art, with whom mechanical science and æsthetic grace advance hand in hand from the sketch to the consummation ; each of them, indeed, in his degree very notably a designer of superficiation, if the truth must be told ; but both accomplishing that superficiation with an infinite success of elegance altogether his own artistic quality. From the Great Fire of London, that is to say, and the career of Sir Christopher Wren, to the burning of the old Parliament-house and the career of Sir Charles Barry, there extends a period of English architectural history which represents the whole development of popular Neo-Classicism, from its rise to its fall ; from St. Paul's Cathedral and Greenwich Hospital to St. Pancras Church, the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Club-houses and the plaster façades of the Regent's Park ; when it was time at last that some change should come ; and, if only as an enigma for your consideration, I think I see at the very beginning of this manifestation and at the very end the two most conspicuous masters of the situation, with no equal between. Perhaps I may go on to remark, as a coincidence, that from Barry's day to our own there extends

the course of another remarkable architectural development, with its most powerful and characteristic exponents again at the beginning and at the end, Pugin and Street. I commend these circumstances to the curious ; at the moment when Barry in his Club-houses offered us a new version of Wren's Classic, we threw it over and reverted to Gothic ; and at the moment when Street in his Law Courts has brought Pugin's Gothic to supremacy, we now cast that aside and return to Classic. Such is the play of action and reaction ; art is a long story, but its chapters are short.

At the commencement, then, of the Victorian age in which it is our privilege to live, this was the condition of architectural art in London. Sir John Soane, in old age and retirement, was the efficient representative of the best commonplace Greek taste. Cockerell, his successor in the professorship of the Academy, was the much more brilliant and accomplished exponent of the higher theoretic level of the same school. Smirke and Hardwick, on the lower ground of mere successful business, were of still the same order of designers. Wilkins's National Gallery and University College had been produced as exemplars of what Anglo-Greek ought to be, and had failed to secure the popularity expected. Barry—whose age was under forty when he stood on Westminster Bridge staring at the conflagration of the Parliament-house, and dreaming inexpressible dreams—had designed his two Club-houses in Pall Mall in a novel mode, and had received the applause which had been denied to Wilkins. I need only add that at the newly established Institute, Tite, as a representative of the rude energy of a prosperous commercial practitioner and an adherent of the convenient abstract eclecticism of the thorough man of business, divided the leadership with Donaldson, most indefatigable writer and speaker, to whose entranced intelligence the study of architecture was a worship, and its miraculous origin in far antiquity a faith

that never could be shaken. The extreme refinement of the state of opinion which I have thus indicated was endowed with shape and purpose by the Society of Dilettanti, under whose authority the latest and most characteristic enterprise of a long series was undertaken a few years afterwards by Mr. Penrose, in his elaborate admeasurements of the optical corrections of the Parthenon, the supreme and final outcome of a system of criticism which the world can never now be at the trouble to revive.

The inevitable operation of the natural law of reaction and revolt had meanwhile been producing in many minds a feeling of antagonism to this attenuated and traditional Classic. Romanticism, in short, of the more robust order had begun to despise criticism so effeminate and so frigid. Now, English romanticism takes two forms, ancestor-worship and ecclesiasticism ; and in both of these forms a change was coming over architecture. The Oxford movement, or High Church movement, or Mediæval revival—call it which you will—was acquiring force in the Church, whilst as regards the State, no sooner was it understood that a new palace of the Legislature was to be built on a grand scale, and that Sir Robert Smirke, as one of the standing architects of the Government, had been commissioned to prepare the design for it, than members of Parliament began promptly to agitate for a patriotic adoption of what was then designated the Baronial style—"Gothic or Elizabethan" was the phrase eventually accepted—and for the transference of the architect's retainer from the hands of the prosaic Smirke to those of some unknown romanticist who should be selected by means of a public competition. Barry won the prize ; and at the present moment, when an enthusiastic belief in the virtues of competition has been revived, in the hope that "fair play" will cure all evils (and fair play seems as coy as ever in answering to the call), it is interesting to remember that the fairness of the selec-

tion of Barry's design was never challenged by any criticism more severe than this—that the favour of influential friends at Court had not been refused, and that the ablest specialist assistance had been wisely secured.

The adoption of this design for the new Houses of Parliament consummated the Gothic revival. The Baronial idea instantly took the fancy of the public ; it formulated an innovation, allayed a disquietude, and satisfied the demands of a genuine reaction. Churches, it was true, had been built for some time in various kinds of pointed arcuation ; castles also had been built for patriotic squires, even by Wilkins himself, with Gothic arches of no particular form, and some of them with Gothic cannon—cannon of wood frowning ornamentally from embrasures of stucco ; cathedrals also had been restored by the help of cast iron and compo ; and London dining-rooms had been ingeniously adorned with tracery cut out of thin deal, and grained and varnished ; but now all this was to be improved upon. Pugin fulminated his anathemas against everything that was spurious, everything that was pagan, everything that was modern ; even the dainty engravings of Britton and Le Keux's cathedrals were supplanted by the masculine lithographs of a new school of travelling sketchers ; Ruskin arose, as the prophet of a mysterious gospel unknown to the multitude ; and England found itself at the commencement of an incomprehensible architectural civil war.

The contending parties gradually organized their forces. One called itself the Gothic party ; the other the Classic party. There was a third, stronger than either in all but enthusiasm, which called itself the Eclectic party. At first, indeed, the Gothicists, like all originators of revolution, had to content themselves with the pleasures of hope, and to console themselves with the exercise of scorn. England is the home of compromise, and it was at length agreed that Gothic should be recognized as the proper mode for churches, Elizabethan for

country houses, and Italian Classic for municipal buildings. It was agreed also that every individual practitioner should be permitted to do his best in all three styles, or, indeed, in any other he pleased, and to claim the respect of the world for so doing. Cockerell, in his Royal Academy lectures, pleaded earnestly for what he called catholicity, or universal forbearance. Donaldson, at the Institute, consented to accept the supernatural, to a reasonable extent, in Gothic as well as Greek; Tite had already actually taken a lead in Gothic design by his Scotch church in Bloomsbury; but, strange to say, Barry, the accepted prince of the practical revival, was at heart its enemy. I believe it is quite understood that, if the Government could have been persuaded by him, the Palace of Westminster would have been built after all in the stately style of the Italian Renaissance.

I ought not to omit to mention that at this time the architectural press, as we now understand the term, may be said to have been founded. I allude, of course, to the establishment of the first of our weekly newspapers. Previously the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, a feeble monthly magazine, was the only organ of the profession, and necessarily one of very imperfect influence. The progress of architectural and engineering journalism separately since that day, I need only say, has been most satisfactory; and cannot help alluding especially to the remarkable development of the weekly illustrations of English architectural art, which cannot fail to be of immense artistic value throughout the world.

The year 1848 soon arrived. I need not remind you that it was a year of European revolution, out of which France, throwing off once more the embarrassments of tradition, entered upon a new and strange national career. For two hundred years Paris had been the focus of artistic culture, but of late the vivacity of the people had scarcely been seconded by the example of the Court. The Government now passed into the

hands of a peculiar class of adventurous men of affairs, determined to purchase unlimited power for themselves at the price of unlimited luxury for the people. The arts do not inquire too closely into the character of their patrons; and, whatever others may have to say of Napoleon III., architects must always hold his memory in honour for the artistic brilliancy (to say nothing of political wisdom) of the architectural operations which he so successfully conducted.

English architecture had not hitherto sought for inspiration in Paris. Neither, indeed, does it now; and I venture to think it never will; for, vastly as I admire all French art, I can never divest my mind of the feeling that I am admiring something whose charms are feminine. I say, therefore, that England, the very home of rough and ready masculinity, will probably never follow the precise formulas of French taste. But it was impossible that the new start which the French were making in social display in 1849 should fail to exert an influence upon English art in one way or another. The inauguration of the great system of international exhibitions brought this influence into play; and the years 1851 and 1855, taken together, produced a crisis in English architectural history which is now seen to have been almost more notable for its results than any other incident of the kind in modern times.

When the exhibition of 1851 was opened, our professional world stood thus. The Prince Consort, now at the enterprising age of thirty-two, had become an important agent in the progress of general culture in his adopted country. It was soon understood that he had a considerable respect for architectural work, but that he had not the same regard for English architects. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that the criticism of artistic building was in the confusion I have lately described, and that it occupied indeed what must be called low ground, a sort of unscientific squabbling ground to which a high-class German intellect might scarcely see its way to descend. Amongst

the public duties which had come to be imposed upon him, one of the most prominent was the administration of the artistic completion of the New Houses of Parliament; and we may suppose him to have thus become deeply impressed with a sense of the tradesmanlike condition (if the phrase may be excused) in which he found popular English architecture and its auxiliary arts as a whole; a quality which is now candidly recognized as having been only too forcibly manifested in those days. I do not wish to attach to Prince Albert the character of a personal leader—it would be false criticism to do so; but I think he was a particularly good representative of an impending change in the public intelligence of England; and it is, no doubt, the fact that the very peculiar unpopularity of the profession of architects, which, during the last fifteen or twenty years especially, has been so frequently exemplified to our cost, took its rise in the early days of the Prince's intervention in architectural affairs. The standard-bearers of the day, let us remember, were Barry and Pugin, Ruskin and Fergusson, Scott—or rather Scott and Moffatt, and Donaldson and Tite at the Institute. Barry's work at the Houses of Parliament was advancing tediously and mysteriously, and a sort of Philistine grumble against it was constantly being heard in the House of Commons, as if the architect and the Legislature were not pulling together. Then Pugin, as the exponent proper of the Gothic Revival, although acting as Barry's very loyal ally in the great work itself privately, was in his public capacity simply a frantic enthusiast, whose fanaticism for the Mediæval, in season and out of season, that and nothing else, made confusion worse confounded. Of Ruskin, again, one can only say—and all the more confidently now that he has in age turned against himself in youth—that the specious, reckless, often meaningless rhetoric of his charming writings stirred up a vague and spurious sentimentalism, which, without benefiting Architecture, was doing infinite damage to the architect.

Fergusson, next in order, although as dogmatic as Ruskin, was as prosaic and cool as Ruskin was poetic and impassioned, and as well disposed to the working architect as Ruskin was scornfully inimical. But he cannot be said to have helped the profession by his very considerable services to the art so much as he unconsciously disparaged in the eyes of the public an order of artists who required an amateur to teach them. I have next mentioned Scott and Moffatt. For the moment I do not see the great ecclesiastical designer of a later date, but only the firm of reckless public competitioners, in whose hands the abuse of a practice, always signally open to abuse, had already attained dimensions which could not fail to bring down, sooner or later, a dignified æsthetic profession to the level of a grasping trade. Much as I revere the memory of Sir Gilbert Scott, I feel that I should be false to my duty at the present moment if I were to hesitate to blame him, and his too clever partner of forty years ago, for their introduction of a mode of struggling for work at any price, which I believe to have done an amount of injury to English architects only less than that which, I am sorry to say, I think it has yet to do. I have spoken lastly of Donaldson and Tite at the Institute. Of Professor Donaldson I need only say that, so far as a high-minded and fearless maintenance of the lofty character of our splendid art and its literature, and of the honourable historical position of our artists, antiquarians, and critics, could defend us against assault, whether vulgar or refined, he never for an instant swerved from his duty as leader of the guild; and of Sir William Tite, although a man of very different qualities, I am glad to say, from personal knowledge, very much the same. By this time, I may add, Professor Cockerell, who never was wanting in courage to champion the cause of his order, could scarcely be called upon to be more than a looker-on.

I must now speak of that remarkable man, Sir Henry Cole, whom I regard as having taken an exceedingly earnest and

effective lead in the change which was coming over English art architectural. I use this term—*art architectural*—in order to suggest to you an important practical distinction between the academical *architecture* of the period preceding 1851, and the non-academical *architectural art* in general which then began to take its place—a whole galaxy of constructive, formative, decorative, and industrial arts being now in question, amongst which the pure building-art of old traditions was but the central star.

Cole had for the work of his life the advancement of what we have been accustomed to call the minor arts; and there can be no doubt that he began upon the basis of a personal dislike to the professional practice of architecture, which he maintained to the end and bequeathed to his successors. Rightly or wrongly, he seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the architect was a fossil, whose function in the streets of ancient Rome, or in the cloisters of Mediæval abbeys, or in the market-places of modern but not too modern Italy, had no doubt been a useful function, judging by the remains of his performances, but who in modern London was a doer of nothing to speak of, or of nothing but what could be done quite as well without him. As matter of business, we know this to be mere folly; there is perhaps nothing in the work of this world which the untrained intelligence can never hope to accomplish, if the proper design of a high-class building be not such a thing; and the continual endeavour of uninformed persons to do their own architecture, in spite of a thousand failures, is only evidence, indeed, of the fascination of the unattainable. Cole, however, seems never to have permitted himself, as so many do, to be an amateur architect, or even to have encouraged any one else to be so; what he underrated was, not art, nor even business, but men. His own soul was wrapped up in detail, and he found the architects, as he thought, to be devoid of the knowledge of such detail, and content to trade upon a little experience merely in the

drudgery of supervising building contractors. When he fell in with an architect like Digby Wyatt, who knew all that he himself knew, or could wish to know, of the arts of detail, and who knew also that which he acknowledged to be beyond his own reach—the whole volume of the historical art of splendid building—he could honour him, and did honour him as far as was convenient ; but if the mere art of building without the arts of detail, were alone in question, his opinion was that the Royal Engineers could manage that quite as well as any one need desire, and indeed all the better because of one thing, that they were soldiers under discipline, and not like a good many architects he could name who were not under discipline—and whose successors, if we must tell the truth, are not under discipline yet.

The fact that the Prince Consort had built Osborne in 1848 without employing an architect (although the builder, of course, employed one) may have been encouraging to Mr. Cole when they came to compare notes ; but the view of the matter which I prefer to take, as I have already suggested, is that both of these extremely intelligent and earnest men were in fact exercising shrewd foresight, and not merely cherishing a personal crotchet. At any rate, the immediate result of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was to open the eyes of Englishmen to the fact that the subtle spirit of artistic design ought to run through a great many branches of industrial production which they had been accustomed to regard as scarcely worth the trouble. That many of these were more or less related to building, or to the decoration or occupation of buildings, was plainly manifest ; and the triumph of Cole was that he had laid a foundation for the popularity of the whole world of decorative arts, and, amongst the rest, the minor arts architectural. The Exposition held in Paris in 1855 carried still further the same idea ; and some English architects began to perceive that their studies must go more and more into the detail of general art.

Architecture was therefore now on the move in a new direction.

Under the remarkably clever personal administration of Cole, the practical outcome of the exhibitions speedily acquired form and substance in the institution of national Schools of Design, and eventually of the South Kensington Museum. The establishment of the Crystal Palace also at Sydenham, for an artistic popular resort, ought to be coupled with these undertakings, as being a measure carried out with the same end in view. As regards architects, it was no doubt a remarkable and perhaps unfortunate circumstance that a duke's gardener had to come in to design the exhibition edifice, as if to show that it was not in artistic building alone that architects failed to keep pace with the times, but in scientific still more. We are not bound, however, to accept this view of the incident, and certainly Paxton never made his mark in either art or science.

"South Kensington," as it has long been popularly designated, in the character of a somewhat self-assertive bureau of the Government, may, I think, be described as the headquarters of art multifarious, no longer academical, but essentially non-academical. By academical art I mean to indicate, in the restricted sense, the old conventional "circle of the arts" as accepted by the Renaissance academies, comprising painting, sculpture, architecture, and no more, and all on the high level only of dignified tradition. When, for example, no longer ago than 1854, we find Mr. Tite's contribution to the Royal Academy Exhibition to have been "A Composition of the Works of Inigo Jones," and Professor Donalson's "An Architect's Dream; or, Sketch of a Design for Opening the Crypt of St. Paul's" (after the manner of the Invalides at Paris), we can acknowledge now that academicalism had reigned quite long enough. We can also acknowledge now, when we have in a great measure enfranchised the practice of the art from such

inconvenient formalism, so that our Classic and our Gothic alike are often almost too free in treatment, and too demonstratively defiant of the categorical criticism of the schools, that the practical function of the architect has acquired at the same time extended limits. He can no longer rest content with having provided a building that is merely conveniently planned, properly constructed, and well proportioned, which other hands shall then clothe with decorative work, and furnish with ornamental accessories ; there is finishing work everywhere, minor art work, which is part and parcel of his scheme and which he must himself design and control ; there is characteristic carving, for instance, and he must direct the carver ; painting, still more ; there may be even set pictures and statuary sometimes ; there is metal-work, glass-work, plaster-work or some equivalent, even paperhanging or some equivalent, and so on ; there is floor-work, wall-work, cabinet-work, furniture-work ; sometimes upholstery, carpets, tapestry ; a multitude of miscellaneous fixtures and fittings, and even unfixed ornaments ; all of these may more or less put in a claim to be "endowed with artistic merit" by the one designer, lest anything unexpectedly awry should mar the effect of the whole design. And this great change in the scope of the architect's work has come about, I think, in response to a corresponding change in public feeling, which must be associated with the operation of South Kensington policy. Indeed, I am almost inclined to say that the *bric-à-brac* style, for such it is, of what we call Queen Anne architecture, is properly the South Kensington Museum style. Cole personally, the paramount genius of South Kensington, was originally, as Felix Summerly, content to devote himself for ever to *bric-à-brac*. There are cynical critics who will speak of the whole Museum as *bric-à-brac* still. And I, for one, have no objection to this, if I may take leave to identify with the name of *bric-à-brac* the idea of art multifarious and non-academical, that which under-

lies the entire range of the minor arts, unformulated often and unconventional, but constituting an inexhaustible source of everyday enjoyment which our Academies, when inflated with the pride of empty traditions, are disposed to ignore rather than attempt to work.

But the Gothic revival, no doubt, is entitled to claim a considerable share in this expansion of the architect's work—his work, let me say, as chief of all the workmen. Pugin, for instance, was especially an apostle of the minor arts. The Neo-Greek dilletantism that preceded his day, and the Georgian Philistinism together, may be said to have shut the door upon them. It was under the successors of Pugin—his direct successors in Gothic enthusiasm—that they acquired the form and force they now possess in architectural business. South Kensington could never, perhaps, have converted the narrow connoisseurship of *bric-à-brac* into an expansive public interest in every possible kind of decorative and ornamental designership, but for the fanaticism, as it is called correctly enough, of Pugin and his school. And yet Coleism and Puginism were but unconscious allies, and are no better still. To this day South Kensington recognizes little beyond Italian Renaissance, whereas even our Queen Anneists—themselves staunch Mediævalists quite recently—would rather have turned to anything else they could find. At any rate, the point I desire to make is this—that the epoch of the first great international exhibitions is to be identified in the history of English architecture with the rise of the minor arts, which have thus been progressing amongst us for about thirty years.

The Gothic revival must now be described for its own sake. In the language of popular Protestantism, this great movement was simply a return to the artistic style of the Roman Catholic or Mediævalist Church, of which it has been truly said that it is "the Church of Poetry and Art." At the date of the great exhibitions Gothicism had got so far as to have

acquired not only the undisputed possession of the whole ecclesiastical field in English architectural practice, but the disposition to claim whatever secular work was worth having. The theory that Italian art was only suited to Italian soil, that England required a style that was English, and that the only English style was the Gothic, was boldly advocated ; and in 1857, when the Government instituted a public competition for the intended War and Foreign Offices at Whitehall, the competitors were found to be so equally divided in taste between Classicism and Gothicism that the adjudicators felt obliged to place the representatives of the two schools in alternate order for the prizes, to the number, I think, of fourteen in all, as an official acknowledgment of the absolutely equal value of secular Gothic and Classic in public esteem. We all know how in the end Scott's Gothic design was demonstratively selected for execution just before Lord Derby's Administration quitted office, and the style, almost still more demonstratively, changed to Classic when Lord Palmerston came in. Such was the Battle of the Styles.

The chief merit, perhaps, to which the Gothic party laid claim was the resuscitation of the Mediæval principle of truthful articulation, or the correct correspondence of the motive of superficial design with the motive of underlying construction. The styles of the Renaissance, they argued truly enough, were almost hopelessly entangled in shams, whilst the Mediæval, they said, had nothing to conceal or to disguise. This was a great step in the right direction, for false architecture cannot be true art. It is not to be affirmed, however, that our Gothic architects quite acted up to the pretensions of their school ; it was scarcely to be expected that they should ; the habit of fibbing on the drawing-board, persisted in from the time of St. Paul's Cathedral (which, with all its merits, is a mass of fibs), had become inveterate in England ; and even now the Spartan principle that the facts of construction shall never be com-

promised in the design of superficiation is much too feebly recognized.

But the Gothic revival, as soon as it had acquired its full strength, brought about another result not so satisfactory to our professional repute. Architects were now divided into two "camps" (to use the appropriate language of Sir Gilbert Scott) regarding each other with "mutual scorn." English people may fully appreciate in politics the advantage derived from the antagonism of parties, but in art they do not. Consequently, when Gothicists proclaimed Classicists to be, in plain language, foolish brothers, and Classicists said very much the same of Gothicists, the character of the whole profession was lowered inevitably, and the effect was only too distinctly apparent in Parliament and the press. Within the profession itself the authorities were divided in doctrine thus :—Gothicism rested its claims of superiority chiefly upon its qualities of honesty and masculine fortitude, which in the work of Street and some others were soon developed into something like a contempt for the graces ; whereas Classicism relied upon the concurrence of all modern Europe in its adoption, and while fully acknowledging the sin of shams, deprecated the substitution of ugliness for beauty, however masculine the one might appear to be, or however feminine the other.

There thus arose outside the profession a new Philistinism. Before many years it acquired unexpected importance by reason of the appointment, quite accidentally, of Mr. Ayrton to the office of First Commissioner of Works. Ayrton was a very Goliath of the Philistines, and when Edward Barry had the temerity to encounter him he went down before him in the most melancholy manner ; and unfortunately he dragged us all with him, so that the unpopularity of architects became established as almost a national principle. But it is due to South Kensington to give it most of the credit, or discredit, of this consummation. Cole may be said to have hated not only

architects, but all classes whatever of professional artists of the academical order. He regarded their pretensions on all hands alike as a mere traditional, conventional, and spurious self-importance, impeding the progress of those minor arts which he considered to afford the true pabulum for national taste. Accordingly, as a rule, whatever had to be done artistically under Cole must be done, so to speak, non-professionally ; and inasmuch as architecture was the most prominent of the professional arts, it was determined that, when building had to be done for South Kensington itself, the professional architect should be emphatically set aside. The military engineer was demonstratively substituted. Captain Fowke, a young officer of much general ability and of an amiable and well-disciplined nature, was made the representative of this policy. He became a favourite with the Prince Consort ; he proved to be a man of large ideas ; he entered thoroughly into the new system of artistic enterprise ; he made a special study of new materials for design, such as iron and terra-cotta ; and he was at once a judicious chief and a judicious subordinate. He died early ; but if he had lived longer he could scarcely have accomplished more than he did. His successor, General Scott, carried on his work on the same lines ; but Scott, being of a more genial temperament, allowed the architectural world, if not the public, to discover at last the hollowness of the system, by acknowledging frankly that he himself was no architect at all, even although that very grand edifice the Albert Hall was nominally his personal work. But I need not remind you that, when the Albert Memorial had to be built, South Kensington discreetly made no attempt to commit it even nominally to the artistic mercies of the Royal Engineers.

We have now arrived at a period of less than twenty years ago ; and the condition of English architecture was this, as illustrated in the great competition for the Law Courts and the National Gallery. The Battle of the Styles was still in progress, and it cannot be denied that the Gothic party was vic-

torious all along the line. Scott, Street, and Burges were its most prominent champions. Scott had the unassailable leadership in ecclesiastical work everywhere. But the qualities which made him so popular socially with a body of men like the clergy rendered him incapable of maintaining that militant attitude which so much better suited the disposition of his eminent pupil Street. Again and again, in obedience to the call of partisanship, and to the dictates no less of his own sincere earnestness in the admiration of what we may call the milder Gothic, Scott came forward as a combatant Mediævalist, and even made use at times of language that appeared to be strong. But no one was ever any the worse. In Street, however, the genius of the Revival possessed a soldier after its own heart. Even Ayrton had met his match ; and indeed, such has been the effect produced by the architect's undaunted attitude to the very end of his life, that the lawyers themselves in high places, exasperated at the universal anachronism and anomaly amidst which they are compelled, through sheer force of this one dead man's will, to perform their uneasy business, exclaim against him with bated breath. The third of our great Gothic trio, Burges, was not so much a man of power as of a certain playful fanaticism which induced affectionate forbearance and never provoked to wrath. With his intimates, he was " Billy ; " I wonder if any one ever called Street " Georgy ? " But, of the three, Burges was by far the most simple artistic spirit. Scott was a laborious and pushing man of business with a congenial occupation, Street a fighting ecclesiastic, Burges an enamoured boy ; one Low Church, one High Church, one No Church. But these three together represented the triumph of the great Gothic Revival ; and how strange it must appear to some of us that this triumph, which, like all our little mortal victories, seemed at the time so enduring, is now only an incident of history, and yet but a few years old !

By an ingenious contrivance of somebody's, the urgent de-

mand for new Courts of Justice and the supposed desire for a new National Gallery were so combined together and made the occasion of the brace of competitions alluded to, that Gothic should have its own way with one and Classic with the other. The Classic leaders of the day, however, were neither many nor strong; all the real artistic vigour was now Gothic—romantic. The result of the contest, after the customary vicissitudes, was the appointment of Street to build the Courts of Justice in an Academic style, probably the most severely uncompromising that had ever been attempted in the world of archæological art. The edifice has but recently been finished. It is a monument of artistic resolution, and, of course, of artistic skill. But it is much more than this. Such is the fearless muscularity of its artistic attitude, such the vehemence of its characteristic Gothic force—let me at once say ruthless violence—that without it the whole process of the Revival had been quite incomplete. But, for that very reason, the consummation at length accomplished, it was fit that the great movement should confess itself exhausted. Street died at the very goal, and his cause died with him. Except in ecclesiastical work, our modern Gothic of any high pretension is now no more; it has done its service, and done it well.

A popular successor to the style of secular Gothic has necessarily been growing up of late years by the mere action of natural law; indeed, such is the leisurely pace of architectural reform, that the new mode has been making its way slowly for more years than may be generally supposed. This is what is somewhat inexpressively and arbitrarily called by the name of the Queen Anne style, as if it were an act of mere revival. But I have suggested to you that it is really a *bric-à-brac* style peculiar to our own day, a minor art style which the influence of South Kensington may claim to have brought about, even if unconsciously. Within its own limits, and directly, no bureaucratic influence can do much in the way of producing a change

of public architectural practice ; it is a public demand which alone can have that effect. But it was South Kensington, as it seems to me, that created the public demand, now being satisfied by means of an infinitude of charming picturesque detail, chiefly appearing, however, in the design of small works. This is a much more philosophical way of accounting for the change than by attributing it to accident, or to any sort of personal authority. But Mr. Norman Shaw, whose modest and painstaking perseverance of character especially qualifies him, with the help of extraordinary dexterity of draughtsmanship, to be the unambitious agent of an artistic manifestation of this kind, fully deserves the credit of leadership ; and he has been followed by a few equally brilliant men who have now unquestionably attained the status of a school, and one whose merits are becoming very considerable.

It is an exceedingly interesting exercise in criticism to inquire what is to be the outcome of this very peculiar movement. That it must gradually lose itself in a return to the universal European Renaissance, may probably be safely asserted. We must bear in mind—neo-Mediævalist criticism being here altogether unscientific—that this great historical style, taken in its entirety, although often called Italian as an alternative title, was never such a thing as a merely local Italian which by accident happened to spread over Europe. It was a *Modern European* style, which took its rise on the spot where modern Europe had its birth, and at the date when modern Europe was so born. To say that it spread westward until it had overrun the whole European world as a universally accepted mode of building, and that it has been maintained in use ever since, and still is maintained for all ordinary purposes without a question being raised—except by people who are before the age, or behind it—is to describe exactly the process by which every great style of design necessarily conquers its allotted territory ; and when we in England claim credit with the world,

as we do, and are fully entitled to do, for the exceptional merit of having originated and carried to great perfection the Gothic revival, as a special act of characteristic motive which has now reached a turning-point after having fully satisfied our desires, what is this but a confirmation of the principle by a most unique exception ?

ROBERT KERR.

A Ghost's Story.

I AM what is vulgarly called a Ghost. But I strongly protest against a term that not only involves a singular confusion of ideas, but also implies something extremely objectionable to mankind—something to be shunned with flying feet, pallid faces, and screams. The ignorant, with their usual want of discrimination, apply the term to the whole of the spirit world, and sometimes include in the same category fiends and rats. Under such circumstances I decline to be a ghost.

Having no connection with hogmen—this, if you like, is the right name in the right place—elves, pixies, goblins, or any other ugly small fry which, let me tell you, belong to a wholly different order of beings, I prefer to call myself a shadow. My reasons are these: Firstly, men and women run after a shadow as eagerly as they run from a ghost; secondly, the name is descriptive of my personal appearance, as seen by mortals. In fact, I am a disembodied spirit, and the awful way in which I came to be disembodied is what I must tell you first, as briefly as possible.

The story is an old one; as old as Hermodimus of Clamozenæ, whose terrible fate was very similar to mine.

While in the flesh, I was a mesmerist, an earnest student of psychology, a digger and delver after buried truths. In the course of my investigations, I stumbled across a method of temporarily dissociating the spirit from the body. I also fell in love with one of my subjects.

Perhaps after what has happened—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, remember—it will be accounted only bare justice if I state that I was intelligent, witty, and handsome. As for my virtues, they are written in gold letters upon my urn. Possibly

for these reasons, possibly for some others which I have overlooked, Mary Haldane reciprocated my love.

Unfortunately, I had a father who was an enthusiast on the subject of cremation. He wanted to cremate everybody. He cremated me, his affectionate son. Had I really been dead, it would not have mattered much ; but as a fact, I was alive at the time, so it mattered a good deal. Mary having been ordered by the doctor to spend the winter at Naples, my spirit had gone to pay her a visit, while my body remained at home in bed. I did not think it necessary to inform my parents of my proceedings, for I meant to return almost immediately. However, a week passed away before I did so. Now observe the danger of procrastination !

On approaching the house, I was startled at beholding all the blinds drawn down, several of my friends in deep mourning, and a curious mob peering over the wall that encloses the lawn—or park, as some call it. The expression on every face was a peculiar mixture of grief and horror. I paused for a moment to notice that long line of rustics, who of course could not see me. Apparently they were staring, with open eyes and mouths, at a thin blue column of smoke rising above the chestnuts which surrounded the lawn. Though I gazed with all my might, I could perceive nothing extraordinary in it, except its position ; yet some of the women were sobbing outright.

It was with the greatest alarm that I passed through the gate and hurried along the gravel sweep, skirted on one side by a copse which shut out the view. When I reached the corner, a strange scene presented itself.

Exactly opposite to the pretty two-storied country house, and in the centre of a little semicircle of trees at the far end of the lawn, rose a grassy mound where a Viking of enormous stature is supposed to have been buried. And here I observed a sort of oven had been erected ; a fire was blazing underneath, crackling away merrily ; and around stood the relatives and

intimate friends of the family, all dressed in black, and many with handkerchiefs to their eyes. My father, who had a stoker by his side—an incongruous looking fellow, with his coat off and sleeves rolled up to his elbows—was a prominent figure in the centre, near the door of the oven. He held a watch in his hand, and looked at it thoughtfully, only breaking off occasionally to wipe away a tear. At his feet there was a small glistening object which I could not distinguish in the distance.

I hastened to the spot.

The conditions under which a shadow becomes visible to mortals will be explained presently ; but that my presence was instantly felt, I am confident, for a cold shiver ran through the group, though the air was calm and the weather bright and sunny. It was not a very cheerful reception.

But imagine my astonishment at discovering the small object on the grass to be a beautiful marble urn inscribed with my own name ! Timid curious glances wandered towards it from time to time, and then passed on to the door of the oven, as if there was some mysterious connection between the two things. Doubtless, I at last concluded, they are preparing some pleasant little surprise for me. The handkerchiefs, black clothes, and general air of gloom, I was obliged to ascribe to eccentricity, for I could see nothing to grieve about. Moreover, though my father's face was decidedly solemn, the suppressed excitement in his manner and the eager expectant look in his eyes reminded me of a mathematician on the point of solving a difficult problem. I was further reassured by catching a glimpse of my mother in one of the windows, and instead of going indoors at once to assume my fleshly garment, determined to watch the proceedings unseen.

Said the stoker presently : " I think it'll about do now, sir."

My father laid a finger upon his watch and appeared to be making a calculation. Every one gazed at him anxiously : the

ladies as if about to scream. It was evidently a very critical moment for something or other.

After an awful silence, he replied sadly: "Another five minutes." Then he broke into a groan, which was echoed all round the circle.

Having always been a very dutiful son, I was a little taken aback by this demonstration. It struck me as an odd way of preparing a pleasant surprise. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that if we all knew how our bread was buttered we should be vastly disinclined to eat it.

When four minutes had elapsed, my father held up his hand and said, "Get ready."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the stoker briskly.

The group fell back like a flock of sheep, but the man in the shirt-sleeves smiled and advanced to the door. I followed, curious to see what was going on.

"Now," said my father, and pocketed his watch.

The stoker opened the door, and I peered in over his shoulder. The heat from the oven was intense, the iron a glowing white, the queerly shaped chimney a dazzling red; but not a thing was visible except a tiny heap of grey ash.

More bewildered than ever, I turned to my father, whose expression was half-sorrowful, half-triumphant, and then I beheld for the first time the other side of the urn. I was terror-stricken. There, staring me in the face, was the announcement of my death, followed by a catalogue of my virtues, printed in gold letters. Stupefied as I was, it took me some time to realize the fact that my body had been ruthlessly cremated by an enthusiastic parent, what was left of me being so insignificant.

I rushed off to my room and found the bed empty. It was true, then; this dreadful thing was true. Oh, the agony of that moment! Henceforth, I was dead to my fellow-men. I was a shadow. No matter how plainly defined my person

might appear, how numerous my witnesses, and how unimpeachable their characters, any evidence of my existence would be received with incredulous contempt, and yet my company would be shunned even by the scoffers as rigorously as a leper's. Such was the awful position in which I now found myself.

For many weeks I haunted—I am obliged to use this obnoxious word—the old house, and though I was influenced by affection and perhaps also by a wild idea that the whole thing would turn out to have been a gruesome mistake, the result was disastrous. The servants gave notice in a body and eventually left; the next set stayed only a fortnight; a couple of country girls were then tried, but within three days they were back in their own homes. A charwoman was the last desperate resource. She drank gin half the night and vanished in the morning.

It was all my doing, they said, and yet I solemnly aver that I was innocent of offence.

Let me put the matter rationally before you. Was I, merely because my body had been cremated, to turn out of the dear old home where our family had lived for centuries? Surely not. My father had made a painful mistake, but that was no reason why I should pay for it twice over. He had deprived me of my substance; was I also to be cast adrift as a vagabond? I am quite sure that nothing could have been further from his wish. If only I had been able to explain my unfortunate position, he would have said in that hearty way of his, "Stay here, my son! Stay here until the old walls tumble about your shadowy ears." Clearly, then, I was right to remain where I was.

Under any other circumstances, the scare caused by my appearance would have been laughable. A more harmless man had never lived; I had never been known to hurt even an insect willingly; and yet after my supposed death I was universally considered to be athirst for the blood of the whole human race, including my own relatives and friends. Could

anything be more absurd? Why, I was pining for sympathy. My troubles were heavier than I could bear, and I longed to exchange a few worlds with somebody, no matter whom. It was this craving that made me seek an interview with the old servants and afterwards with their successors; that finally drove me into the society of a gin-drinking charwoman. Even she fled from me as if I were an accursed thing, Heigho! it was a weary, weary time.

My own father and mother shuddered at my approach. More miserable words than these could scarcely be written. None could more accurately depict my woeful isolation.

Would Mary also shrink from me? I could not, would not believe it. This was my one comfort. My own sweet love, I kept telling myself, would be certain to understand and sympathize with me in my troubles. She was to return in the Spring, and I longed for that time to come with a fierce impatience that allowed me to rest neither day nor night.

Meanwhile, I frightened so many people that the house was shut up, and I was left to wander disconsolately through the deserted rooms. I had now become the ogre of the neighbourhood where I used to be loved and respected; and this, too, without having done anything to forfeit that feeling. After nightfall no one would come near the place, and in the daytime nearly every one shot by with a swift glance of apprehension, brightening up only after a mile or so. I have seen brawny fishermen going past at sunset, like the crabs in their own creels, with a sprawling stealthy movement, and their faces turned towards the gate, as if they were afraid of my running out and catching them by the heel. Notwithstanding my misery, I have sometimes been forced to laugh, so ludicrous was the dread of poor boneless me.

And now as regards my visibility.

Scientists say: "Pooh, pooh! If there is such a thing as a ghost, let him come out into the broad sunlight, and we'll

dissect, analyze and precipitate him, He refuses to accept our generous offer, therefore he does not exist. Pooh, pooh!" This, let me tell you, is sheer nonsense. Suppose I were to retort upon one of them: "Just step into my father's oven for an hour or two, and then let me have a look at you." I can declare, with genuine feeling, that there would be very little left of this man of science, though I myself could spend a very comfortable week in the same oven. Briefly, then, what suits one seldom suits another. To suppose that a ghost would submit to the petty restrictions of science, is just as preposterous as to assert that the laws of England are the laws of France.

"I admit your objection," says the courteous philosopher, "and will be pleased to inspect you under your own conditions."

This sounds sensible enough; but, pray, observe the manner of his inspection! It is eminently official. He shuts his eyes, and comes to look at me; and then, because he has not seen me, goes off and tells the world that I am a myth. A strange visitor indeed! Those that seek, find; and this scientific gentleman has no wish to find. Why? Because I would overthrow his flimsy theories, and prove his life to have been a gigantic blunder. Under great pressure he will consent to patch occasionally, but reconstruction is his *bête noire*. If I were a missing link, he would pounce upon me without any credentials, whatever; but because I happen to stand in his way, he looks at me with his eyes tightly closed and pronounces me a delusion. I call it scandalous. All that I ask of those who come to visit me, is what you readily give to a host or hostess of your own species—a wee morsel of faith.

This settled, when and where are I and my fellows to be seen?

Not in the shimmering heat of the noontide sun: not in the insufferable glare of gaslight: seldom in the impenetrable darkness of night: most frequently in the pleasant dusk when other

objects are gradually fading away from view. We abhor the smell of bricks, mortar and paint ; we love sleepy old creeper-clad houses, every room in them, but especially a wainscotted old library, where the dust has lain undisturbed for ages, and the changeless air grown so solid that we can easily impress upon it our impalpable shapes.

If the man of science would seek for us there at dusk as diligently and confidently as he has sought for an electric current in the muscles of a frog, let me assure him that he could not fail to be successful. Meanwhile, we are content to be seen by ladies, who are always delightfully unprejudiced in this respect.

I have now to record the return of Mary Haldane.

She and her mother lived in a cross-road at the extremity of our lawn. The house was a small, old-fashioned gabled building, with ivy trailing all over it, with lattice windows, and a long flight of steps leading up to the hall door. The garden in front contained no flowers, only a wild-looking profusion of trees and shrubs, which grew so thick and so close to the walls as to obscure the light. The whole was enclosed by a very high stone wall, here grey with lichens, and there green with moss. Altogether a delightful spot according to my notions. A doll's cottage of the olden time, with the trees planted rather too affectionately by a baby hand. In fact, the house looked as if it had been shut up in a box unduly compressed by the new houses that had sprung up around it, for the neighbourhood was suburban.

My impatience was so great that I could not wait until a time when Mary] would have some chance of seeing me. I hurried off to her shortly before sunset.

It was a cold, gloomy evening in the beginning of May. There had been heavy rain during the day, and the trees were laden with moisture. Though the breeze was only just sufficient to make the leaves shiver, a storm was evidently on the wing, for there was a hollow moan coming up from the sea, and the scud was tearing along overhead.

Being painfully subject to climatic influences, I felt my hopes sinking as I approached the house. Bad weather always affects me so. Compared with me, you are a lighted candle provided with a glass screen; I am a lighted candle without such protection. Not that I am liable to any of your vulgar aches, but I am extremely volatile.

Imagine, then, my sensations, as I stood trembling on the top of the steps, gazing at the dreary prospect, and doubting the efficacy of love now that it was about to be tested.

From sheer force of habit I knocked at the door, though of course, I could have walked straight through it.

It was opened by Sarah, a charming old servant with a slight squint. She was dressed in mourning for me. From a certain moisture about her apron I concluded that my knock had called her rather hastily from the wash-tub. Still there was a civil smile in her wrinkled old face as she curtsied from behind the door; but it changed to a very decided frown when she could see no one there. She looked right at me and indeed through me, and yet had not the least idea of my presence. Her eyes made an independent survey of every shrub in turn; then she clenched her fist and shook it energetically at some imaginary object.

"Drat them boys," she said, and closed the door.

But not before I had slipped in past her and stood there waiting to be ushered into the drawing-room. When she turned, I was distressed to observe that she shuddered. She lived in such close contact with Mary that it gave me a sharp twinge, but I drew some comfort from the thought that I loved the mistress, and not the maid.

She went into the drawing-room to mention what had occurred, and I followed.

It was a quaint, cosy old room, with old furniture, old pictures and old china. Everything bore the stamp of age, and the prevailing tints were dark without being dingy. There

was a faint scent of lavender in the air, which was pervaded by a mysterious stillness, such as sometimes fills a pine-forest on a very calm day. A cheerful fire was blazing in the tiled grate. There was a couch opposite and an armchair on each side.

The couch was occupied by Mrs. Haldane, a tall slender woman with silvery hair, lustrous dark blue eyes, and a beautiful oval face, sweet and pensive. She was in mourning for her husband, and wore a widow's cap.

Curled up on the rug at her feet was Mary, a lovely likeness of her mother; but oh! so delicate. She also was dressed in black, which made her face look all the paler, and her only ornaments were a jet necklace and—what a delicious joy I felt at seeing it on her tiny finger!—the engagement ring that I had given her. Poor fragile little blossom; how ill she looked, notwithstanding her stay in a warm climate!

I had taken the armchair opposite to her and was watching her with intense anxiety; with a painful yearning for some token of her love.

"What is it, Sarah?" inquired Mrs. Haldane, glancing up from her book. Then she drew her breath between her teeth as if she was bitterly cold. "Please, shut the door," she added, with a quiver in her gentle voice; "you seem to have brought winter into the room with you."

"And indeed, ma'am," said Sarah, closing the door, "there's a mortal chill in the air this night. I felt it in the hall myself, and though it's the month of May, and you've got a good fire and all in here, your poor face is nipped with the cold. Shall I fetch you a shawl, ma'am?"

"No, thank you, Sarah. The room will be warm again in a minute or two, I daresay."

"Perhaps you'd like some coals on, ma'am?"

"Not just at present,"

"Well, ma'am," said Sarah, her eyes forking restlessly about

the room as if in search of something, "it was a double knock that I came to tell you about. I ran upstairs the very instant I heard it; but when I opened the door, not a person was to be seen. Now that was a strange thing enough."

"A runaway knock, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Haldane, without any great show of interest.

"So I was thinking myself, only it's the first time such a thing has ever happened to my knowledge. Maybe you'll hardly believe me"—she advanced to the couch and lowered her voice to a confidential whisper—"but in my stupid forgetfulness like, I half-fancied for a moment that it was poor Mr. Tom, for it was just his knock, and——"

She stopped in sudden alarm, for Mary uttered a piteous little scream and buried her face in her mother's lap, where it was instantly encircled by her mother's arms. Mrs. Haldane was suddenly transformed into a tigress defending her young; her tenderness for her daughter and anger against the garrulous old servant, who had incautiously mentioned my name, being inexpressibly touching.

"Leave the room this moment," she said sternly.

Sarah cast a reproachful glance at her mistress, and then slunk out.

"My own sweet lamb," faltered the mother, but could say no more.

She bowed her head until her cheek was resting upon my darling's hair. And so they sat silent, while the shadows deepened and the fire sank lower in the grate.

So far I had done nothing but watch with strangely mingled feelings. As I had long grown accustomed to pass unseen except under favourable circumstances at dusk, the fact that neither Mary nor her mother saw me in the armchair by the fireside, caused me no surprise and only a momentary pang. But it gave me a selfish delight to learn that I was still loved as fondly as ever, even though I was supposed to have gone to

that bourne whence there is no return. On the other hand I was deeply pained at the sight of my darling's grief, her cry of anguish having thrilled through and through me. The last feeling was, however, in some degree mitigated by the conviction that I would soon be able to make my presence known to her. I pictured her joy at beholding me once more—the great dark eyes filling with fond wonderment, the dimples stealing back to the soft cheeks, the sweet lips shaping themselves for some mischievous retort; and, in my fancy, I took her in my arms and kissed her.

Unnecessary as the warning was, Sarah's misadventure rendered it evident that I must exercise great caution in showing myself. It would be best, I decided, to leave the development to work itself out gradually.

Meanwhile I could not sit there like an absolute stranger, doing nothing to comfort that poor aching heart. I felt irresistibly impelled to leave my seat and draw a little nearer. As I did so, Mrs. Haldane shivered, raised her head and gazed earnestly first at the door and then at the window. Her eyes were troubled, as if she apprehended some unseen danger, and her arms were still around her daughter. I took another step forward, and was holding out my hand to caress my darling's beautiful hair, when—oh, heavens, that I should have to say it!—a tremor passed through her delicate frame.

The shock riveted me to the spot where I stood.

Surely—oh, it could never be that she was going to shrink away from me! Her affection was not less than it had ever been; mine was necessarily far, far greater than in the days when all went well and friends gathered around; and yet she recoiled from me as from some loathsome reptile.

Scarcely aware of what I was doing, I stretched out both hands entreatingly. She shuddered. My Mary shuddered at the approach of her unfortunate lover!

Deadly faint, I staggered back to my chair and sat there

like a marble statue. I heeded not the passage of time, the advancing evening, the fading firelight, the solemn stillness ; I knew only that Mary and I could never more be the same to one another as in the happy days gone by. She and her mother may have spoken often, but I never heard them, I was so stupified. When I at length regained consciousness, they were still in the same attitudes.

Sarah, doubtless indignant with her mistress, was keeping out of the room until the bell should summon her to bring the lamp. The evening was at hand. The dusk had come. Surely Mary would see me now and understand !

And she did see me.

With her hands clasped on her mother's lap, she turned her lovely face towards me ; and then every particle of colour fled from her cheeks, and her dark eyes dilated with terror. She neither moved nor uttered a single sound.

I remained quite still—not daring to show how real I was, and how dearly I loved her—merely looking at her with gentle reproach.

Mrs. Haldane's eyes followed her daughter's gaze, but it was evident that she could not see me.

"That stupid Sarah has upset your nerves, dear," she said reassuringly. "What is the matter now?"

Mary raised her hand and pointed at me, but the action seemed purely mechanical.

"My child, there is nothing there," said her mother. "I'll ring the bell for the lamp, and then you can see for yourself." She made a movement to do so.

But Mary said, like one in a dream : "What, can't you see him, mother?"

"Him, Mary!"

"Yes, *him*, mother."

"But who?" inquired Mrs. Haldane, evidently anxious to combat this notion.

"My own dead love"—how sweet the words sounded from her lips!—"Oh! mother, he is there; he is there. See—see! he smiles."

I could restrain myself no longer. I rushed forward with outstretched arms. There was a heartrending shriek. My darling had swooned.

Before her frightened mother could ring the bell, Sarah came rushing into the room, so speedily that she must have been waiting outside; and together they carried the senseless girl to her bed. The ordinary restoratives were tried, but in vain. A period of intense silence followed, the distressed mother sitting by the bedside while the servant went to fetch the doctor.

Fortunately his arrival was not delayed. He pronounced Mary's life to be in imminent peril. The shock to the nervous system, he said, had been terribly severe. Even if she recovered—he finished the sentence with a dismal shake of the head.

Tortured by remorse for the past and dread for the future, what an awful existence was mine! I felt like a murderer. And yet I could not bring myself to leave the house in which my love perhaps lay dying; nay, more, I could scarcely tear myself away from her bedside.

Hour after hour, while the sunlight was streaming through the curtained window, she slept: as still as if Death had claimed her for his own. But as surely as the evening came round, the dark blue eyes opened wide, the trembling hand was stretched out towards me, and she, my Mary, called me by name.

A delicious joy was creeping over me. I scarcely dared to hope it at first, but I wondered if she was beginning to understand.

And so it turned out. In the early days of her illness, her voice was wild and her manner excited. But by-and-by, when she became accustomed to my presence, she grew calm,

peaceful and contented. Her brooding sadness gradually left her, and once I saw her smile. That smile was the dawn of a new life.

In time she regained her health, but the doctors said that her mind was gone for ever. They were mistaken. My darling saw and heard more than they did ; that was all.

Many years have glided by since then. Mary and I are lovers still, and shall be lovers always. We are supremely happy : seldom apart for a single moment. As we ramble along the beach together, the fishermen look pityingly after my darling. They see her smiling and hear her merry prattle, and not knowing that her lover is by her side, they also say that she is mad.

HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON.

Reminiscences of Devon.

"THAT deadliest of all foes to the English tongue and to every other tongue, the schoolmaster." These words occur in a book which gives Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Impressions of the United States." They struck and startled me. No one would venture to question the truth of any charge brought by that historian, so it only remains for one who has the misfortune to be a schoolmaster to try if he can in some small way undo the harm he has unconsciously been doing.

I mean to do in a very little way for one small corner of Devon what Ramsay did for Scotland—that is, to publish a few words and phrases that reveal something of the nature of Devonian dialect and character. This is the more necessary because the schoolmaster is unfortunately not "abroad," but at home, in Devon, so that the sons and daughters of those whose speech is a joy to hear, and whose spelling is a riddle to solve, speak like young "gents" from London, and write like the contributors to the *Daily Telegraph*. So impious is the criticism of these smart young people that their parents are shy of putting pen to paper.

The hamlet that I know best lies very near the sea—so near as to get gain, at least in past days, from wrecks, and to be in peril even now from storms. A vessel called *The Daniel* was wrecked here some years ago. The cargo that washed ashore was useful, coming at a time of great need. One woman "didn't know what us should a' doed if it hadn't a been for th' *Old Dan'l*." With no thought for the sufferings of the wrecked she cared only for the gain to her hamlet. The hand of Providence was clearly seen ; "I've often mistrusted the Lord,

but I'll niver mistrust un any more," her tottering faith was restored by a wreck.

On another occasion a French vessel drove ashore. There was a pig on board. The same woman was much exercised in mind because the sailors did not call it a pig. "They don't call a pig a pig," she said, in a tone of pained surprise. A lady suggested that she could not understand them because they spoke French, and added, "You can't speak French, Susan." "Well, I don't know, ma'am, I niver tried;" this implies a fine belief in dormant capacities. Even ladies in these parts were not great French scholars. One lady was telling another how an ambitious gardener had proudly pointed out a flower as "*dens canis*," or "dog's tooth," adding, "*dens dog, canis tooth*." The listener smiled with large-minded pity, saying, "Well, you see, poor John Mitchell does not know French."

Not many years ago the sea rushed in upon this hamlet, threatening to sweep it away; most of the inhabitants left their cottages in terror. One old woman remained. A man came to her room offering to carry her to a place of safety. To this proposal she, in unconscious anticipation of MacMahon's "*J'y suis, J'y reste*," said, "No; here I be, and here I bide; if the Lord plais'th to knock down the house, let un knock me down with un, and there us 'ull all be together." The "us all" would have been represented by herself and the house.

These good people do not honour proverbs or proverbial sayings from books any more than the brave old woman copied the Marshal. They seem to speak and think in proverbs: it is natural to them; for instance, a woman suggests to a young man that he meditates marriage with a certain girl; he denies the impeachment, whereupon the woman, to imply that the anxiety is on the side of the girl, and that thus the natural state is outraged, says "O then, 'tis as I said, 'tis the hay after the hoss." Or again, an old farmer leaves some land to his grandson, passing over his son; the latter, by way of protest

against the action, remarks, "The skin is closer than the shirt." This was once suggested as a "rendering" of Aristotle's γόνυ ἔγγιον κνήμης. The lecturer liked the proverb and was anxious to know from what book it was quoted.

Some expressions, though not proverbial in form, are very vivid and picturesque: a woman, who was suffering from fever and delirium, spoke of herself, with the fine contempt for the final g that is always found in Devon, as "rampin' by day and rovin' by night;" another wished to convey the fact that her lungs and throat were beginning to fail owing to increasing years; "I am a bit tissicky in the throat, and when I come to go against a hill I get bussicky." I had long known these words, though I am uncertain about the spelling, but until I heard this speech I was not sure about the difference of meaning. This *locus classicus* would seem to show that "bussicky" is the more severe form of ailment, and is deeper seated than the other. Another woman—it will be seen that in these parts women are more talkative than men—complaining of the intolerable airs of one who considered herself to be grander than her neighbours, said, "her's so sniffy that a body can't stomick her." Seeing people more friendly and sociable at a parochial gathering than they had been the previous year, a man remarked that they did not seem to be so "off-handed" as they had been. It corresponds to our semi-barbarous expression, "stand-offish." The same man wishing to convey to another mind the discomfort of homelessness, said of a woman who for ten years had been moving from friend to friend, and from lodging to lodging, "it's just ten years that her's been amblin' of it." What a picture of weary movement those few words imply! The speaker seems to agree with the writer of Ecclesiasticus, "it is a miserable life to go from house to house, for where thou art a stranger thou darest not open thy mouth." Another man—the women must not have all the talk—reproved an undergraduate who had lost a

sovereign whilst bathing, because he had carried it in his "naked pukket," instead of in a "long puss." The same adjective was used by a Berkshire labourer in a vivid way. Speaking of his hard boyhood, he said he always had to eat his bread—when he could get it—"stark naked;" a third declared that he was speaking the "naked truth."

At the beginning of this paper I stated that I would not venture to question the truth of Mr. Freeman's dictum about schoolmasters. I may venture, however, to suggest that I know of one exception to his rule. I have the good fortune to have met with one schoolmaster who did his best to preserve old words—and this not by theory but in practice. I must use the past tense in speaking of his work; he has now ceased to teach.

He had no certificate: his schoolroom was not constructed on scientific principles, so the neighbouring School-board hounded on the "Guardians" to starve him into submission: his scholars were too poor to pay him much, he had no private means: being a cripple, he was in receipt of partial parish relief: the Guardians threatened to cut off his pay unless he ceased to teach, so he gave in; thus, the parish was impoverished (by being obliged to give full instead of partial pay), the master lost an interest in life, and the children lost a wondrous teacher. He had a real genius for teaching: a visit to his cottage, if for air's sake you stayed near the open door, was a treat: the children were full of life and interest: all were kept going, from youngsters who repeated the alphabet that ended in the mystic symbol which they pronounced 'oocetteroo,' to the little stammerer who kept on repeating aloud some poetry: whenever his infirmity checked him, he began the verse again: the hum of the school kept him from being nervous at the sound of his own voice: thanks to this treatment, his utterance improved in course of time.

The religious instruction was animated and original: I chanced to come in upon a spelling lesson. "Spell me God":

they did so: "What is God?" Answer in chorus, "A Sperrit": "Kin you see Him?" "No": "Kin He see you?" "Yes": "Well, then don't'e michie," *i.e.*, shirk school. He made religion practical and at the same time preserved a Shakspearean word: "Shall the blessed sun prove a micher and eat blackberries?" Being advised by a clerical visitor to be more directly Biblical, he tried Bible reading, and I remember being present at a lifeless repetition of terms, of which "praydistinate" was one. His own methods suited him best.

Scriptural knowledge so far interfered with geographical accuracy as to make him speak of the Philippian Islands; but a faint breath of scepticism seemed to have reached him even in his distant Devon hamlet; for he once informed me that "plenty of folks said there niver was no sich person as Job." Perhaps his views on that point were not more lucid than were those of the undergraduate who gave as the result of studying the "Homeric Question" the following sentence: "Some people say that these poems were not written by Homer but by another person of the same name." But there were limits to his scepticism, for he informed me he did not care for Voltaire. His Biblical quotations were not always quite accurate. "Work out your own fear and salvation with trembling" is an exhortation to be found neither in the old nor in the "Revised Version." In this inaccuracy he did not stand alone. A woman speaking of the Pharisee and Publican reminded me of the fact that the latter went home "gratified rather than the other"; yet this woman prided herself on her study and knowledge of the Bible. Criticising the ignorance of that Book displayed by an older woman, she said, "very little her knaw'th of He": she might have described the amount in the same way as she estimated the value of a Seine-haul "us got scarcely nothing"—a happy blending of "almost nothing" and "scarcely anything." It might be supposed that a schoolmaster who showed his friendliness to the English tongue by preserving old words and

forms of expression would be conservative in other ways. So indeed he was : "Old Mr. Beaconsfield is the man for me !" he exclaimed in a moment of enthusiasm. Averse from war, he defended the annexation of the "Transvil," on the ground that thus only could you ensure peace, illustrating the point by saying that were Kingswear and Dartmouth to belong to separate Powers, there would be nothing but "robbin'" and "strobbin'": the latter word, I may say, is not used in a Pecksniffian or pointless way ; it is, I believe, merely an older form of the verb to strip.

Of the Board School he could, for reasons I have given, be hardly an unbiassed critic : he described the education given there as only "moosic and dansin'." He may have heard of calisthenics and hymns. He thought poorly of law and medicine. Speaking contemptuously of a certain hamlet, he described its inhabitants as being all "Lawyers and Doctors." "Barbara celarent" had no charm for him : "logic" on his lips meant nonsense.

Like all truly great men, he knew his weakness and his strength ; he was conscious of undeveloped power. "If I had had a proper educating," he once said to a clergyman, "I should have been a great parson or a great gineral ; I think I should have preferred your trade."

Turning aside from this unique educator for a moment to the subject of education generally in these parts, I may say that some middle-aged folk try to learn to read. The Bible is their textbook in more senses than one—it affects their language. A woman talks of keeping her husband "under the bushel"—*i.e.*, in a proper state of subjection. An old man, whose son was a trouble to him, sent extracts from "Proverbs" and kindred books in the hope of curing the evil. "I set Solomon at him" were the words in which he represented this process.

Those unable to read alter words somewhat, but the blame for speaking of two "neggs" or "the nashma" lies not with

her who cannot read, but with those who divide words in speaking so carelessly as to mislead the simple. Some ideas are not so modern as we fancy ; quite fifty years have passed since a Devon parson mentioned in his sermon "eternal" punishment. "It's false, it's æonian," muttered one of the congregation as he leapt from his seat. One who heard his remark suggested to him in subsequent argument that his notions were morally dangerous ; men were bad enough as it was ; if fear were lessened they would be worse, &c. &c. "Suppose," said the æonian, "you were going into a field, and you saw in it the owner threatening you with a scythe, wouldn't you keep out of that field just as carefully if he said he would cut off your legs as you would if he said he would cut off your head?"

With Mr. Freeman I began ; with him will I finish. In the "Impressions," from which I have already quoted, he shows that many words which we regard as modern Americanisms are really old Saxon—not Anglo-Saxon—words. I can give a case in point. Many years ago I sent to a Devon laundress a pair of new cricketing flannels ; they are, I believe, very oily things. She told me she had had a "proper chore" to get them right. In reading Garfield's life last year I found the words, "I'll be on hand to-morrow just as soon as I have done my chores."

If I am told that this paper is pointless and disconnected, I can only reply in the words of the Devon farmer : "Well ; 'tis as 'tis and it can't be no 'tisserer ;" and if I am further told that this last word is neither English nor sense, I shall maintain that it is the English equivalent for "bhavati-taram," which would be in Latin, "est-terum," and that this proves that Devon rustics know Sanscrit, and that this proves there has been at least one schoolmaster who is not the "deadliest of all foes to the English tongue and to every other tongue." Q.E.D.

J. F. CORNISH.

Our Husbands' Clubs.

IS IT OR IS IT NOT well for the wives, the children, and the household that the husband and father should continue the clubs of his bachelorhood? Some enthusiasts in the cause of domesticity have answered the question with a violent negative, while Mr. Coventry Patmore has put their opinions into those sweet verses of his—verses which are not afraid of commonplace words and things, because to this poet familiar life—the first purchase made for a bride, a wife's illness and the blister applied to her delicate chest, a *tête à tête* over her sewing-machine, and all such events of every day—are full of a keen, penetrating, and almost mystical emotion, which the Milky Way, Orion, or the Pleiades can hardly stir in the heart of the more ordinary poet. The verses to which we refer are called "Amelia," and relate how the wife—mother of many children, from the schoolboy son to the baby—persuades her husband that he does not see enough of clever male society, and that he will be falling behind his time if he allows the charm of one gentle woman to keep him from the exchanges of contemporary thought.

"By female subtlety intense,
Or the good luck of innocence"

—the husband never, in the sequel, satisfied himself which—she induces him to spend a certain evening at the club with some clever fellows. The talk there proves to be brilliant indeed, but somewhat subversive; "advanced" thought is the order of the night, and a few jokes are made incidentally which would not have passed in the presence of women. As soon as he can find a decent pretext he disappears and hastens

back to his wife, to whom he repeats some of the club talk. She only says, in her feminine way, "for shame!" Such a comment would not seem very wise to the advanced thinkers, the husband considers, but they cannot know the added comment of her lovely voice and eyes. She kindly says "she does not mind" the smell of smoke in her husband's clothes, and the evening is finished by the pair in a "solitude for two." It is doubly delicious to the husband, after his experience of the noisy crowd of "clever daws,"

"To lean a happy head upon
The bosom of my foolish swan."

The opponents of clubs could not possibly have their case more daintily advocated; and, if all our husbands were so warm in heart, and so sensitive in mind as the husband of Amelia; and if all the clubs implied the kind of racketty intellectualism hinted at in the poem, that case would undoubtedly be a strong one. The fact is, however, that few men can, or should, find their lives complete without masculine friendship; and the club is of chief service, in that it is the continuation and the supplement of the school and the college as the nursery of such friendships. Now, a man may be satisfied, during his early married life, with mere acquaintances, with the men he meets in his profession, and with the society of his wife's drawing-room; but, as years go on, as his children leave his house, and he returns to something more than the privacy of the honeymoon, he will find the need of friends and of friends who are contemporaries, who belong to the same phase of the world's history with himself, have been interested in the same politics, in the same books, in the same art, and in the same actors. He will not easily make friends of his son's companions; they may like him warmly, and may perhaps enjoy his society in a manner, but his thoughts and theirs, his ways and theirs, must needs be dissimilar. The world changes

quickly in these times. Old fogeyism is inevitably in store for every man who lives long enough, and in that state the fogeys and no others will be real companions for him—equal, easy, congenial.

Let no woman, therefore, discourage her husband from old masculine friendships. A wife should have no greater vanity than that of being liked and admired by her husband's antenuptial associates, but she ought to add to the attractions of her house the facilities of the club; she will find some intimate old friendships falling into abeyance unless there be that easy common ground for meeting. We and our homes and our children may be more than sufficient to our husbands for many years, but character is modified with changing times, and a woman can never be certain that the feeble health of advancing years will leave her temper so sweet, so equal, and so bright that she will be sufficient to the end.

To say that husbands ought to have their clubs, does not say they ought to be altogether clubmen. The club life of the present day is a development of the last ten or twenty years; a clubman now-a-days lives at his club in a manner which was unknown formerly. Our fathers had far simpler, less refined, and less fastidious tastes than those which club life fosters and satisfies. An early dinner at an ordinary, and an evening of punch and songs at such a "Cave of Harmony" as Thackeray describes were among the habits of a class of men who now practise an almost ascetic refinement, who know as little of the taste of rum as do their wives, and who would as soon think of shouting a chorus to Captain Costigan in town as of dancing in Old Wardle's kitchen in the country. Clubs in past days were incidental in a Londoner's existence; they are now in many cases essential and all-important. Of course, then, club life, in its full modern development, is not suitable for husbands; it could indeed only be possible in the case of the most detached of couples; but in its modifications we are inclined to

consider it eminently suitable and desirable for them, and we would warn any wife who takes advantage of her husband's "first fervours" in married life to persuade him to give up his clubs and fly with her to the Isle of Wight, or Naples, or the Lakes, that she is acting at his and her own serious peril in narrowing his communications, and centering his interests too entirely in her little person.

With regard to that part of the subject which Mr. Coventry Patmore touches with a resolute hand—the club talk and club jokes—we are inclined to think that Amelia's lord was rather unfortunate in the place of his evening's amusements. Henry Kingsley has said that the Athenæum is the only club to which a wife ought to encourage her husband to belong, but the saying may probably be taken with that mixture of salt which appropriately accompanies all smart generalities. We know of other clubs at which no evil example need be feared for the most inexperienced of spouses ; from one, indeed, a member was recently expelled for the perpetration of a single coarse joke. There is another matter, not very pleasant to discuss, but which has been brought into much prominence lately by a section of the "Society" press. We refer to the facilities which a club affords for carrying on any correspondence which is, for one reason or another, not intended to come within the wife's cognisance. But surely a husband and a wife, and every human being, has a right to the possibility of absolute privacy. No honourable woman ought to link herself for life to a man whom she cannot trust with his own secrets, should any necessity for secrets arise. That "the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done" is a sentence which Shakespeare does not speak in his own person, but puts as an excuse into the mouth of a villain. And we should recommend to all wives so scrupulous a respect for the letter-box at home that the subterfuge of a club correspondence should under no circumstances be a necessity. Perfect trust,

exists best with the possibility of reserve. Most husbands and most wives have the secrets, or at least the confidences, of others to keep, and it is an unwholesome imagination which sees guilt in every reticence.

Of course we all know happy couples who in these days subscribe to the same club, and are as united on neutral ground as in their homes. It will be long, however, before such houses as the Albemarle will take the same position in the world of politics, thought, and letters as the Reform, the Carlton, and the Athenæum. Membership in these gives a man a certain place in the London of his time which nothing else can give, and which all wives who have a natural ambition must be glad that their lords should win. Our conclusion would be the prudent one, that partisanship in this matter begets "the falsehood of extremes," and that clubs are good for our husbands, as cigars, champagne, and the French plays are good for them—that is, in moderation.

ALICE OLDCASTLE.

Reviews and Views.

THERE has seldom been anything remarkable to record of the sons of poets. All the more memorable therefore is the record which a great poet of the day has made of the gentle powers and sensitive talent of his son. Mr. Coventry Patmore, in his intimate knowledge of the soul which passed away in 1883, after twenty-three years of life upon earth, formed a judgment of it which the reader will receive not only with the sympathy always ready for a father's estimate of his son, but with belief and attention. "At twenty years of age," writes Mr. Patmore, "his spiritual and imaginative insight were far beyond those of any man I ever met; and he instructed me far better than I could instruct him in matters which I had contemplated and studied all my life." The powers to which the poems now printed, as the father simply says, "to please Henry," bear witness, are chiefly remarkable to the reader, who has no other signs to judge by, for their likeness to those which produced the delicate thoughts of "The Angel in the House." There is in these verses the peculiarly fresh and direct feeling, the pre-Raphaelite detail as well as sincerity of thought, which seemed to connect Coventry Patmore's early poems in their own special province with the work of the young writers and painters who made the memorable revolution in the cause of truth some forty years ago. But Henry Patmore's poems do not display his father's power of imagery—that power which the slightness and simplicity of the form of the versification seemed to obscure for some careless readers. Nor is there in the promise of this posthumous volume any sign of the large spirituality and intimate pathos of the "Odes." But all who have taken Mr. Ruskin's advice, and have been "strengthened and purified "

by the poetry of the "Angel" will recognize the mind of the elder poet, not imitated but repeated in the spirit of the younger.

The *cachet* to which we allude—inimitable, indeed, but here so subtly repeated—is evident in the following verses, of which the flattish ending is somewhat unworthy :—

O, for that afternoon, that lane
Where I picked flowers ! Never again
Will common wild flowers look so well,
So freshly blush the pimpernel,
And modest blue and simple white
Stand in the grass to such delight !
I picked my flowers for Flora's sake,
Happy to have a chance to make
A nosegay she may chance to see,
And know that it was made by me.
I found a baby oak-leaf too,
So I had green, white, red and blue.

The following has a pathos in its very title—"Prologue to Poems mostly Unwritten" :—

The immortal mood was with me then,
That comes but once to mortal men,
The visiting God, whose thronèd place
Is still some maid's unconscious face,
Or blushing, while she wonders why
A man should make a maiden shy.
And him, too much in love to dare
To think he loves her standing there,
Sharp pain drives thence and angel awe,
And then he sees what there he saw.
For many a man, should this be read,
Will call it his when I am dead,
And all my words would seem to come
As echoes from his memory dumb.
The care of crookèd counselled time

Returns to love, as verse to rhyme ;
 And circumstance, which lovers fear,
 Is but the dress loves deigns to wear,
 Which changes variously, and still
 Conforms to love, which forms the will.

And the following epigram has something of the gay penetration into the shallower recesses and smaller hiding-places of the feminine character, which is familiar to the readers of Coventry Patmore :—

The truth is male, and females shy
 Come near it with a careful lie.

Of the volume in which these poems have been so tenderly preserved, only a hundred and twenty-five numbered copies have been printed. It is issued by Mr. Daniel's press at Oxford, and is one of the most perfect specimens of printing which have been produced in this time of the revival of the printer's art.

At the annual meeting of the Mineralogical Society of Great Britain and Ireland, held in Edinburgh, the first paper read was one by Professor Ruskin, on "Forms of Silica." The author began by congratulating the Society on this occasion of its meeting in the capital of a country which was itself one magnificent mineralogical specimen, reaching from Cheviot to Cape Wrath, and which concentrated into the most convenient compass, and presented in the most distinctly instructive form, examples of every mineralogical phenomenon and process which had taken place in the construction of the world. He also felicitated himself on the permission thus given him to bring before the members a question which, in Edinburgh of all cities in the world at present constructed, it should be easiest to solve, and which (his father being Edinburgh born) was very early submitted to his childish mind, and had been more or less the occupation of his best wits ever since—in vain—the pro-

duction, namely, and the painting of a Scotch pebble. He was the more happy in this unexpected privilege because, though an old member of the Geological Society, his geological observations had always been as completely ignored by that Society as his remarks on political economy by the directors of the Bank of England; and although he had respectfully solicited from them the charity of their assistance in so small a matter as the explanation of an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman, they still discoursed on the catastrophes of chaos and the processes of creation, without being able to tell why a slate splits or how a pebble was coloured.

In Scotland, according to the Professor, the main questions respecting these two main forms of silica—pebble or crystal—were all put to them with a close solicitude by the beautiful conditions of the agate and the glowing colours of the cairngorm; which had always variegated and illuminated the favourite jewellery of Scottish laird and lassie. Might he hope, with special reference to the

Favourite gem
Of Scotland's mountain diadem,

to prevail on some Scottish mineralogist to take up the hitherto totally neglected subject of the relation of colour in minerals to their shape and substance; why, for instance, large and well-developed quartz crystals were frequently topaz colour, or smoke colour—never rose colour; while massive quartz might be rose colour and pure white or grey, but never smoke colour. Again, why amethyst quartz might continually, as at Schemnitz and other places, be infinitely complex and multiplex in crystallization, but never warped; while smoky quartz might be continually found warped, but never in the amethystine way multiplex.

Why, again, smoky quartz and cairngorm were continually found in short crystals, but never in long slender ones, while beryl was usually short and even tabular, and green beryl long, almost in proportion to its purity. Might he also hope that the efforts of the Mineralogical Society might be directed to the formation of a museum of what might be called mineral geology, showing examples of all familiar minerals in association with their native rocks on a sufficiently large and intelligible scale ?

Proceeding with the subject matter of his paper, Professor Ruskin pointed out that there were at least six states of siliceous substance which were entirely distinct—flint, jasper, chalcedony, hyalite, opal, and quartz. They were only liable to be confused with each other in bad specimens ; each had its own special and separate character, and needed peculiar circumstances for its production and development. In support of his view, the Professor directed attention to a beautiful collection of precious stones which had been sent to illustrate his paper from his museum at Sheffield. Another point was that contorted gneiss, which had hitherto been explained as produced by lateral pressure, was due to crystallization. After describing the distinguishing characteristics of the specimens, and where they occurred, Professor Ruskin submitted that no movement of rocks on a large scale could ever be explained until we understood rightly the formation of a quartz vein and the growth—to take the most familiar of fusible minerals—of an ice-crystal. And he would especially plead with the younger members of the Society that they should quit themselves of the idea that they needed large laboratories, fine microscopes, or rare minerals for the effective pursuit of their science. A quick eye, a candid mind, and an earnest hope were all the microscopes and laboratories which any of them needed, and with a

little clay, sand, salt, and sugar, a man might find out more of the methods of geological phenomena than ever were known to Sir Charles Lyell. Of the interest and entertainment of such unpretending science he hoped that the children of this generation might know more than their fathers, and that the study of the earth, which hitherto had shown them little more than the monsters of a chaotic past, might at last interpret for them the beautiful work of the creative present, and lead them day by day to find a till then unthought-of loveliness in the rock and a till then uncounted value in the gem.

From an exposition on crystals for an Edinburgh audience, Professor Ruskin has passed, in the last published of his serials, to an unconventional treatise on saints, creating a connecting link, all his own, between the two. "It is with human lives as with rock crystals," he says—"thousands dim or broken for one quite pure and quite pointed." And he goes on to distinguish between the ordinary good people and the spiritual and perfect. "The ordinary needs and labours of life, the ordinary laws of its continuance, require many states of temper and phases of character inconsistent with the perfectest types of Christianity. Pride, the desire of bodily pleasure, anger, ambition—at least so far as the word implies a natural pleasure in governing—pugnacity, obstinacy, and the selfish family and personal affections, have all their necessary offices—for the most part wide and constant—in the economy of the world. The saintly virtues—humility, resignation, patience, obedience—meaning the *love* of obeying rather than of commanding, fortitude against all temptation of bodily pleasure and the full-flowing charity which forbids a selfish love, are all conditions of mind possible to few, and manifestly meant to furnish forth those who are to be seen as fixed lights in the world ; and by

no means to be the native inheritance of fire-flies. Wherever these virtues truly and naturally exist, the persons endowed with them become, without any doubt or difficulty, eminent in blessing to, and in rule over, the people round them; and are thankfully beloved and remembered as Princes of God for evermore. Cuthbert of Melrose, Martin of Tours, Benedict of Monte Cassino, Hugo of Lincoln, Genevieve of Paris, Hilda of Whitby, Clara of Assisi, Joan of Orleans, have been, beyond any denial, and without one diminishing or disgracing fault or flaw, powers for good to all the healthy races, and in all the goodly spirits, of the Christendom which honours them; and the candour of final history will show that their unknown, or known but to be slandered, servants and disciples have been the ministers of vital energy in every beautiful art and holy state of its national life."

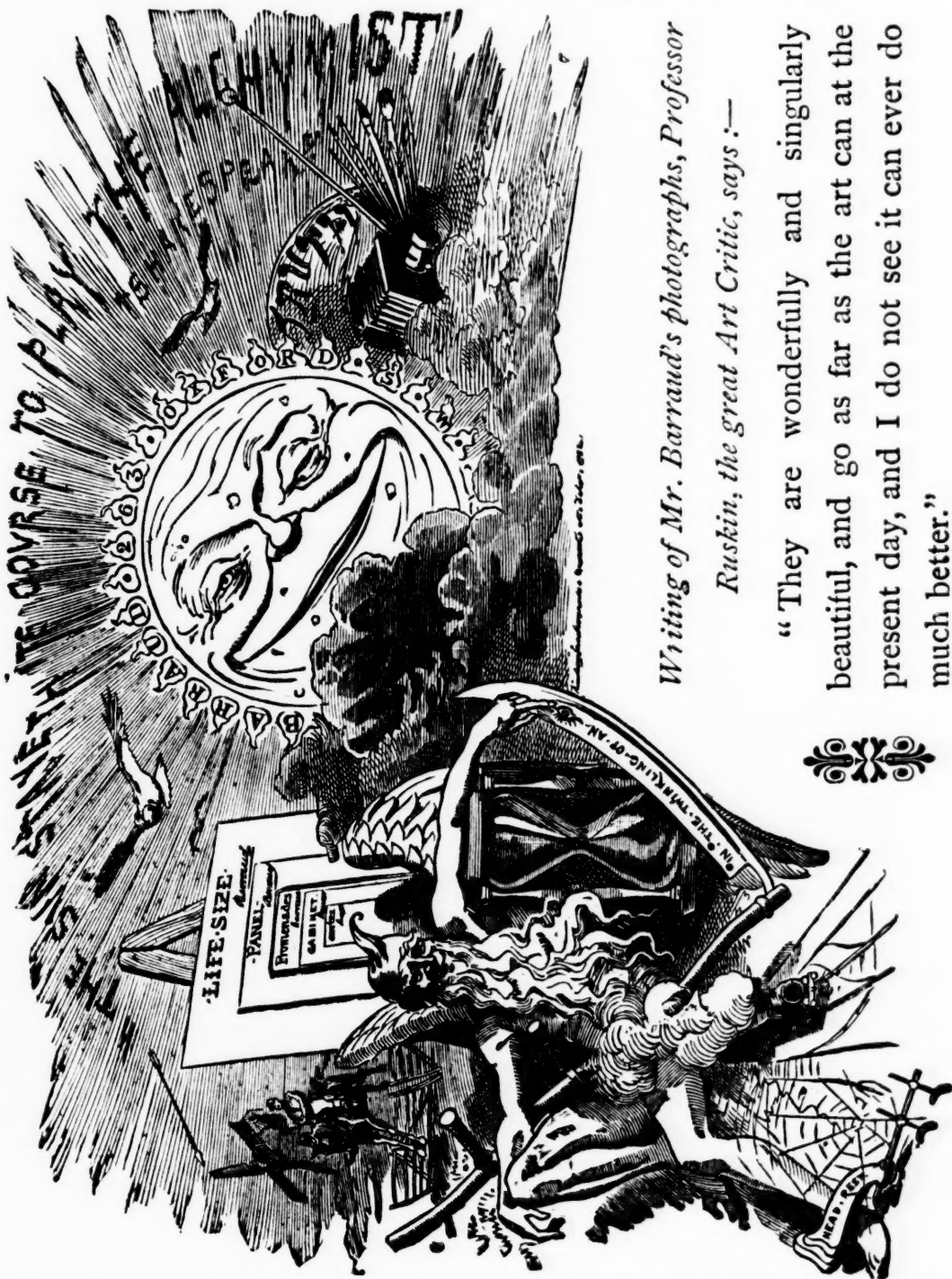
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